

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

THE gentle art of writing utter nonsense is very prettily exemplified by Miss Eva Gore Booth in an article called "Women and the Suffrage" in this month's *Nineteenth Century and After*. This article is supposed to be "a reply to Lady Lovat and Mrs. Humphry Ward;" really it is a mere stringing together of meaningless and high-sounding phrases which are evidently intended to give the reader a great idea of the enormous intellectual attainments of Miss Eva Gore Booth, but which, when examined closely, turn out to be the merest fiddle-de-dee or the most prosy platitude. Here is a specimen: "One is tempted to think how strange it was that Ruskin did not seem to know that, everywhere and in every sphere, physical, mental, and spiritual, it is the hardest fighters who, in the end, rule and must rule. Because the hardest fighters are simply those who are most in touch with the Divine Force." Wonderful, isn't it? Here is another: "The idea that one power crowds out another in the human mind is surely based on a very false conception of the working of the laws that make evolution by a gradual widening of mental outlook, and the receding of horizons before a determined effort of will. Women who wilfully detach themselves from the energies and struggle and fight of the living world around them to pursue an ideal of the gracious seclusion of the family and the sanctifying influence of possible existence will too soon find that they have nothing to give their children, and that the young will go elsewhere for the generous inspirations of courage and heroic living. But nobody can escape the battle in the end, and nobody should." If after reading a dozen or so of pages of this sort of soul-inspiring writing any one remains unconvinced as to the propriety of immediately giving votes to women, we are sorry for him or her. Further on this gifted lady remarks: "But women are human beings, and not meant to live on pedestals; their place is in the midst of contest and difficulty, and there are some of us (men as well as women) who do not admire, or revere, or even tolerate the type of character produced by the St. Simon Stylites attitude towards life, in man or woman. Anyhow, the doubtful privilege of a column is only possible for the favoured few of a privileged class." Evidently nobody has, so far, offered Miss Gore Booth a pedestal. That is the worst of pedestals, they have to be made by other people, and when it comes to columns, they are hard to compass outside the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, where they appear to be going cheap. Again, Miss Gore Booth is sceptical about the truth of the dictum "Men are stronger than women."

"This," she says, "is a generalisation elusive and hard to test, for to measure strength is a difficult task." Well, there is the *try-your-strength-machine*, which has now, we believe, been brought to a state of great perfection; and failing that, if Miss Gore Booth is still unconvinced she has only to break somebody's windows and test her strength against that of the first policeman who comes along, and by this means she will enjoy the additional advantage of being in touch with "the divine Force" so beloved of the fair Suffragists. Finally, Miss Gore Booth is moved to exclaim, "The days of Napoleon and Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great have passed." This is a sublime truth "which nobody can deny." But why leave out Queen Anne?

We print in another column a letter from Lady McLaren in which, in the true spirit of Suffragist tenderness, she upbraids us for our recent paragraph respecting her letter to the *Daily Mail*. It will be noted that Lady McLaren is under the impression that we have doubted her identity and declared her husband to be "non-existent." Lady McLaren must have read us over-hastily. We neither doubted her identity nor the existence of her husband. We merely remarked that we could not find him in "Who's Who." We have since made diligent search in that publication, and we have found Sir Charles McLaren, Bt., K.C., M.P., whom we have no reason for supposing to be other than a very worthy gentleman. Lady McLaren also accuses us of suggesting that the men of her family ill-treat her. Our precise words were: "We will never believe that Lady McLaren has the smallest personal grounds for complaining of the way in which she is treated by the men of her family or the men of her acquaintance. It is far more likely that she is very comfortable indeed, and that the men about her are her bond-slaves." Here again our fair correspondent has been reading in haste. However the point of her letter so far as it is important is not a personal point. Lady McLaren assures us that she moves in a political set, and that her knowledge of modern chivalry has been picked up in the Gallery of the House of Commons. We have the highest respect for the House of Commons, and we were entirely unaware that it is an unchivalrous body, composed of men who offer women contempt instead of respect, subjection instead of comradeship, tyranny instead of equality. But from her coign of vantage behind the grille Lady McLaren has caught the House of Commons brutally napping, and from behind the grille she has "learnt to fully appreciate (the split infinitive is Lady McLaren's) the tyranny, injustice, and contempt with which the representatives of the people have in the past treated their countrywomen." Well, well! What are you to do with benevolent ladies who talk in this wild manner? Perhaps the only thing is to let them talk.

Lady McLaren is naturally full of enthusiasm for the male helpers in the Suffragist cause. These, she assures us, are "our true knights, who merit the highest prizes in life's tournament." One has only to look at them to make sure that this is true. There is Mr. Bernard Shaw, for example, whose true knighthood keeps him from addressing Suffragist audiences and marching in a Suffragist procession, but impels him to sow discord and discontent in the feminine bosom. There is Mr. Israel Zangwill, another true knight, and there are the Reverend R. J. Campbell and a few hobbling minor poets. We are glad that these gentlemen merit the highest prizes in life's tournament, and we shall hope to be present at the prize-distribution, when one supposes Mrs. Pankhurst and Lady McLaren will hand out gilt-topped copies of Macaulay in tree-calf to the good boys we have aforementioned. Then Lady McLaren quotes Herbert Spencer and General Booth, both excellent philosophers, but both gentlemen who see life in sections, and know little about life in the lump. Herbert Spencer as the champion of womanhood is most touching. It is not discreditable to him to say that he considered both women and men from a cool, scientific point of view, and that he would not have

approved of Lady McLaren's quotation of his statement about the brutal treatment of women as an argument for Female Suffrage. And as for General Booth, he knows perfectly well that the women of England as a body are most certainly not treated "with less consideration as to health and comfort than the horses that run in omnibuses or beasts that are fattened for slaughter." It is to be hoped that in General Booth's own Army there are thousands of soldiers who treat their wives and the women of their acquaintance better than this. General Booth's statement clearly bears reference to women of the most submerged class. The men of that class have their sufferings as well as the women, and it is not argument that, because a drunken loafer beats a drunken woman, who is probably just as handy with her fists as himself, Lady McLaren should have a vote.

As regards the matter of sex conflict—which conflict we say does not exist—Lady McLaren is willing to agree with us with a difference. There is no sex conflict, she says, between women and the men who are helping them to obtain the rights of citizens, which, of course, is rather obvious. On the other hand, it seems that "this world-wide question of the subjection of women to man and man's laws is the question of the hour." For, mark you, "women of Japan have held meetings and have demanded moral rights from their Legislature, and wives in China have rebelled against their husbands." We have known this to happen in Surbiton, let alone China. The Suffragist demand for the franchise has no more title to consideration as a sex conflict than has the discussion which is raging round the Licensing Bill, because the Suffragist movement is not a movement in which even a tithe of the female sex is ever likely to take part. The women who run this movement, and the wobbling men who support them in their vagaries, amount simply to an insignificant minority who are hard up for some sort of a parrot-cry and who desire to force down women's throats political nostrums which women in the lump do not want. The Suffragists have never yet told us, nor can they tell us, to which women they desire that the vote should be given. When they can set before us a sound and reasonable statement of the methods by which they propose to make woman the political equal of man, they may begin to shout for their programme. Meanwhile they are entirely without policy other than the policy of the shrew and the beldame, who scold on principle and without really knowing why.

We are glad that Lady McLaren finishes her epistle on a note of beautiful pathos. She desires us to say after her "Come along, little sister, walk abreast with me. Let the past be forgiven, for now I will be just to you at last." We can only say that we shall grow "very aged and grey, Maggie," before we begin to call Mrs. Pankhurst and Lady Grove and, for that matter, even Lady McLaren "little sister." And as for walking abreast with them—in processions—we are sorry, but we really could not do it. On the other hand, we see no reason in the world why the good feeling which has prevailed between reasonable men and women for the past few thousand years should not continue. We have not heard that the finer emotions of life which are so bound up in the relation between man and woman are extinct, and we do not believe that chivalry is so much as scotched, least of all dead. When Lady McLaren makes assertions to the contrary she does a foolish and unfeminine thing.

There are many arguable points in the world of thought. Our correspondence columns have shown, for instance, that the question of the Tarot Trumps and of card games generally is an obscure one; and the antique pronunciation of the Latin tongue must always be to a certain extent a matter of conjecture and dispute. Experts differ about the sources of the Arthurian Legend; the origins of Freemasonry are dubious; it is not absolutely certain that the Rosicrucian fraternity of the early manifestoes ever had an objective existence. Then there is the question of

rhyme and its beginnings; there is the character of Mary Queen of Scots, there is Bimetallism, there is the Quantification of the Predicate—there are propositions without end on which men may differ without blame. One might almost say that, considering the fallibility of the human mind, the obscurity of the world process, the difficulty of weighing evidence, there are few statements which clearly demand the Johnsonian verdict: "He lies, and he knows it." So the following passage from the *Observer* is, perhaps, of some interest as a little flower of absolute, undoubted, and indisputable falsehood. The writer, it must be said, is commenting on the welcome given to the American fleet in Australia, on the joint "civilisation" of England and the United States:

It is a civilisation which recognises as its task the bringing of law and of mercy to the dark places of the earth. It is a political ideal of justice incorruptible, equally administered between men and men, no matter what the difference in depth of purse or in colour of skin.

Now, it is doubtful whether England by itself, leaving America out of the question, is entitled to make such a large boast as this. The practice of "black-birding" in the South Seas brought little mercy and but savage law to the Kanakas; and though we have tried to do our best for the dark races subject to us, it is to be feared that our record is not a wholly undimmed brilliance. But the use of such a phrase as "justice incorruptible . . . no matter what the difference in depth of purse or in colour of skin," with reference to the United States of America, is quite amazing; it transcends all comment in its absolute, complete, and notorious departure from the facts of the case. One may attempt analogy; one may murmur to oneself that Nero was the greatest humanitarian that the world has ever seen, that Calvin was a typical Catholic, that two and two certainly make five; but such things are but feeble helps. One cannot express a giant in the terms of a midge. The leading article from which the passage is quoted is evidently meant to be taken seriously; so one cannot suppose that the editor of the *Observer* was indulging himself in the exercise of a peculiarly ferocious irony when he wrote about the incorruptible justice of the United States; one is left wondering as to the motives which dictated so manifest a falsehood.

It is to be feared that the tendency to . . . avoid the truth which is illustrated by this very flamboyant instance from the *Observer* is only too common in the journalism of the day, though it rarely rises to such stupendous heights of unveracity. A correspondent of the *Morning Post* has pointed out that the descriptive reporter is apt to conjure up wild scenes of emotion out of the recesses of his brain, to depict weeping and cheering thousands that are mere creatures of his own diseased and fantastic imagination, to describe sober Londoners as behaving in a manner that would be thought *outré* in Tarascon. All this is foolish and undignified enough, but the mischief done is, perhaps, not very considerable. It is worse when Mr. A. the critic tells the world that his friend Mr. B. the poet has "a genius like the sun;" it is worse still when a piece of arrant stage-carpentry is hailed as a noble contribution to the classic drama. And one is sorry to see that the infection of the lie extends to papers that should be, of all others, most scrupulously observant of veracity. A well-known paper, supposed to represent the best and most sober traditions of the English Church, contained not long ago an obituary notice of a prominent character at the University of Brentford—we will give it that name. This personage is depicted as one of the saintly influences of the place; his religion, we are told, was deep, though entirely free from "ecclesiasticism," and so forth, and so forth. Now, in sober truth, the deceased don in question bore a reputation which was far from savoury; his slovenly and irreverent performance of his priestly duties was notorious; and his habits in private life were the reverse of laudable. The end of such a career requires no notice; at least it should not be the office of a paper which would define its policy as Christian



and Catholic to illustrate the gospel of Cagliostro (according to Carlyle): "The Earth is a Lie which the Arch-Quack shall inherit."

In a lengthy career of strenuous literary effort the Harmsworth press has discovered two poets. One of them swam into the ken of the *Daily Mail* a matter of three or four years ago, and he was described gloriously on the top of a column notice as "A Poet with a Wooden Leg." His poetry did not ravish us, being in fact so much well-intentioned doggerel. It did not even ravish the *Daily Mail*. It was the wooden leg that smote the romantic eye of the *Daily Mail*, and to his good or evil fortune in the possession of this artificial limb the poet owed the kind notice bestowed upon him by the editor of England's wonderful haporth. Naturally such a scoop on the part of the *Daily Mail* set the pugging tooth of the *Evening News* on edge. The *Evening News* panted for similar glory. In and out of season the *Evening News* has searched the literary horizon for a new poetical planet, and after years of austere watchfulness its patience has been rewarded. It has found a poet who is a mill-girl, and it has given this young lady a perch or so of very useful publicity. But here again it is all on account of the fact that the poet is a mill-girl, and not because she is a poet. To deal fairly by her, she is much more of a poet than was the *Daily Mail's* gentleman with the wooden limb. On the other hand, she is not writing, nor does she appear to have written, anything in the way of verse which could have been allowed to pass muster as poetry by the serious critic. Apparently, however, the *Evening News* is incapable of distinguishing her work from that of Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Thomas Hardy. If either of these gentlemen were to publish a volume of poetry to-morrow it is highly improbable that the *Evening News* would give either of them even so much as a paragraph. But neither of these gentlemen has a wooden leg. And there are editors with wooden heads.

From Mr. John Collingridge, who is apparently the son of the Mr. Collingridge who presented Cowper's house at Olney to the public, we have received a communication, in which he expresses the opinion that if we could "say a good word for the Trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum it would be better than thumping Mr. Wright." If Mr. Collingridge will give us the names of these Trustees we see no reason why we should not oblige him with the desired good word, because we have no doubt that the Trustees are very well-meaning people indeed. Our suggestion that we have heard enough of "Mr. Wright of Olney," however, still remains where it did, and we do not think that Mr. Collingridge helps matters in the least when he informs us that "Cowper was born at Great Berkhamstead, not at Olney." For while Mr. Collingridge does not say so, it is clear from his remark that he wishes us to consider that while Wright of Olney is a correct and proper style, Cowper of Olney would be incorrect and improper. We said, and we repeat, that if Mr. Thomas Wright is keen upon raising £2,000 for the endowment of the Cowper Museum of which his own father is caretaker, it would be graceful of him to provide the money himself. It is not customary for gentlemen in Mr. Wright's position to be associated with movements for procuring endowments in which their own fathers will in some sort participate. Meanwhile, however, we may assure Mr. Collingridge that we shall not break our hearts if himself and his fellow-trustees can induce somebody else to put up the money. At the same time we shall continue to resent the appropriation of the literary shrines of the country by advertising mediocrity. "Wright of Olney" will never like us. Even Miss Corelli, who, for no doubt perfectly proper reasons, chooses to reside in Shakespeare's town, has a sufficient sense of the fitness of things to refrain from describing herself as Corelli of Stratford-on-Avon. When one wishes to think of Olney in its literary connection one does not wish to think specially of Mr. Thomas Wright, and when one thinks of Stratford-on-Avon one wants to think only of Shakespeare.

## LEDA

Out of my silver turrets I look down  
Upon a garden wherein sleeps a rose  
Who hath a ruby heart ; beside her glows  
Unblemished in a drifted, vestal gown  
Yon lily, and beyond them lies a town  
Of tufted green and each sweet bloom that blows ;  
Midmost from whence a little fountain throws  
His gentle sprays that seem but half his own.  
  
And on the lake that skirts our dreary wood  
There sails for ever a new-washen swan,  
Who is as white as milk or angels are :  
At dawn he glitters in the solitude,  
At dusk he goeth glimmering and wan  
To where one waits him, white like a young star.

T. W. H. C.

## REVIEWS SPOOKS

*Occultism and Common Sense.* By BECKLES WILLSON.  
(Werner Laurie, 6s. net.)

It may be taken for granted that sooner or later—probably sooner—the human being who happens to be in the least conscious of his existence will lightly turn his thoughts in the direction of the supernatural. The ordinary modern, suckled on what are known as the facts of life and nurtured in science and "honest doubt," exhibits a tendency, and possibly a pronounced tendency, to sheer negation if you speak to him of the "life to come," or of ghosts, or of spectres, or of spirits, or of souls which do not inhabit a mundane corporeality. He argues that he has never seen a ghost, and that consequently, while it is possible that there may be ghosts, ghosts do not exist. And it does not follow that this negation is based upon irreligion, or even upon a materialistic view of life. We believe that there are proper Bishops in the world who would pooh-pooh a vision if one claimed for it that it amounted to anything more than the result of disordered nerves or a rebellious liver. The age is an age of faith, but our faith is a four-square, adamant, sturdy affair, which says, Of course, it may be so, but it is not so. Hence it comes to pass that the human perception of the supernatural is frowned down and put out of exercise. A man who walked into his club and explained that he had just seen an angel—with wings—might look for and obtain sympathy, but not credence. If he persisted in his statement he would be advised to "see a doctor at once, my dear chap," or alternatively he might be challenged to put up a thousand pounds for forfeit to a hospital and bring his proofs. It is the new creed—Prove everything. The fact that in the nature of things everything cannot be proved is not altogether of consequence. It must not be supposed that because we have committed ourselves to the foregoing remarks we desire to be considered either credulous or incredulous. Our own beliefs will not be obtruded into this notice. Before us is a book which may or may not have been written with a sort of subconscious tongue in the cheek. Its title, "*Occultism and Common Sense*," is obviously either a compromise or an attempt at gentle cynicism. For occultism and common sense in their contemporary meaning must be as the poles asunder. Common sense says rightly or wrongly, "Here is a warm body." Occultism says, "It is a human body ; there is a soul or spirit in it." Common sense says, "D'ye really think so?" And Common Sense smiles and is quite willing to abide by the "evidence."

Occultism and common sense will never understand one another. Furthermore, the author of the present work will excuse us if we remark that he does not come to us with any obvious recommendations as an inquirer into high and illusive matters. We believe that Mr. Beckles Willson is something of an authority on Canadian emigration, which is nothing to his discredit. On the other hand, it leaves him open to suspicion. He may have taken to occultism and common sense out of a sheer love of truth or a sheer desire to help his fellows to knowledge; and it may be that he has done it because it is excellent journalism and likely bookmaking. On this rather important question we shall express no opinion. Mr. Willson's own version of the matter is that he "ventured into the wide, misty domain of occultism with a light heart . . . and an open mind"—which, of course, may mean anything. He assures us, however, that his

Sole aim was to ascertain, as far as the means at the disposal of the ordinary man with little of the mystic in his composition would allow, what degree of probability attached to published phenomena, which the ordinary laws of Nature, as most of us understand them, could not satisfactorily explain.

Yet he goes on to inform us that at the threshold of his inquiry one prominent and, as it seemed to him, disconcerting fact confronted him—namely:

That although for a couple of generations "supernatural" manifestations had been promiscuously exhibited before the public, challenging full investigation and inviting belief; although almost every day the newspapers report some striking case of apparition or materialisation, coincident dreams, clairvoyance, trance utterances, or possession, often seemingly well attested, yet, in spite of all this testimony, academic science continued to dispute the very basis of such phenomena.

This admission points its own moral, and adorns its own tale. It is as who should say, "I set out to discuss water with a light heart and an open mind, but at the beginning of my inquiry I was astounded to find that you cannot mix water and oil." However, we may forgive Mr. Willson his protestations of simple and ingenuous ignorance. The point is that he went on with his inquiry, and, truth to tell, that, as was very natural, he ended practically where he had begun. He began as an ordinary man who would not go to the stake about the supernatural, and he ended as an ordinary man with an ordinary man's contempt for the stake. We shall not contend that his book is not an interesting, readable, and even informing work. He has raked over the "evidence" and pieced together the testimony, and produced thereby three hundred pages of entertaining, light reading. And the effect of his labours will be to convince the intelligent reader of that which the intelligent reader was already convinced—namely and to wit, that there may be something in it. At random we take an odd end out of Mr. Willson's sheaf of evidence:

M. E. Deschaux relates that his grandfather was awakened one evening at 11 p.m. by three very distinct raps on the door of his room. Astonished, he rose, lit his lamp, opened the door, but saw no one. Supposing that some trickster had been the cause of his disturbance, he returned to bed grumbling, but again three knocks were heard on the door. He got up quickly, intending that the culprit should pay dearly for his untimely joke, but in spite of careful search, both in the passage and on the staircase, he could not discover where this mysterious culprit had disappeared to. A third time, when he was again in bed, three raps were audible on the door. This time the grandfather had a presentiment that the sound was caused by the spirit of his mother, although nothing in the tidings he had previously received from his family incited him to this supposition. Five or six days after this manifestation a letter arrived from his own country announcing the death of his mother which had occurred precisely at the hour at which he had heard the knocks.

This, need one say, is fairly creepy and fairly common; but one could have invented creepier stuff which would have helped one just as much. For who is M. E. Deschaux and in what era did he live and move and have his being? If it was in the Middle Ages we must believe him; if he was born at any time after the death of Queen Anne we are under no compulsion in the article of belief. Mr. Willson's pages are full of M. E. Deschaux. One of them,

a rather recent one, appears to have had the faculty of "willing" his spiritual entity into the bedrooms of the ladies of his acquaintance after they had retired to rest. These ladies appear to have screamed at the sight of him, as gentlewomen would, and to have written him letters in which they asseverate roundly that the thing happened. Mr. Willson reproduces some of these letters; but nobody seems to have called upon the gentleman who could thus project himself, with a view to kicking him for frightening their female relations. Again, Mr. Willson reproduces a letter from Miss Grantham, daughter of Mr. Justice Grantham, somewhat unceremoniously described in the letter itself as "Judge Grantham." It seems that Mr. Justice Grantham "was going to dig a well on one of his farms," and that the Rev. J. Blunt "was then residing in our parish, and as he had previously told us he was able to discover the presence of water underground by means of a twig, we asked him to go with us one day to see if he could find water." Mr. B. found the water all right with the help of his twig, and there you are. Of course we have here a question of "dowsing" rather than that of "occultism," and it is notable that when Mr. Justice Grantham himself tried to find the self-same water by the self-same methods he failed utterly. We should have liked Mr. Willson's "inquiry" all the more if he had obtained for us Mr. Justice Grantham's own views on the subject. Supposing that a litigant came before Mr. Justice Grantham in a claim for large fees for discovering water with the help of a hazel-twig. Would Mr. Justice Grantham hold him up to ridicule in his usual tender way, or would he say that the plaintiff was a professional man and not a quack, and consequently entitled to a professional man's fees? And in any case what would the Court of Appeal say? Of course we cannot blame Mr. Willson for failing to get up his case out of the law-books; but as he drags in Mr. Justice Grantham it seems that he might in his capacity of smart journalist have induced Mr. Justice Grantham to indulge in some statement on the subject. It is not too late even yet, and if Mr. Justice Grantham wishes to express his devout belief in "dowsing" our columns are open to him. To cut a long story short, we cannot say more for Mr. Willson than that for this book he has wielded the scissors and the paste-pot with considerable skill. In other words, he brings together plenty of "instances" from which he attempts no real deduction, leaving the reader rather, and very properly, to decide for himself. Which in any case is exactly what the reader would do. "And so," to quote Mr. Willson's own words, "our little tour into the occult is ended and we return into the glare of common things—things which we know and can touch and find a practical use for." That at any rate is common sense. As regards the occultism we should have preferred a Bishop, or at any rate a "believer" on the subject.

## SELECTIONS FROM ERASMUS

*Selections from Erasmus.* (Principally from his Epistles.)

By P. S. ALLEN. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE great achievement of Erasmus was that, in the words of Mark Pattison, "he propounded the problem of critical scholarship." He did nothing to solve it. That task was admirably performed by the great Continental scholars of the sixteenth century—Victorius (Pietro Vettori, 1499-1585), Robortello (1516-1567), Auratus (Jean Dorat, 1508-1588), Turnebus (Adrien Turnèbe, 1512-1565), Stephens (Henri Estienne, 1528-1598), Scaliger (Joseph Justus L'Escaie, 1540-1609), Canter (1542-1575), Casaubon (1559-1614), and others. These were the great pioneers of classical scholarship, and it is a duty as well as a pleasure to set down their names and to accord to them our gratitude for the great work which they did in wiping off the dust which in ages had concealed from us the gold that antiquity had handed down to us. For not a single autograph has come down to us from that truly inspired mass of literature which for nearly a thousand years made



a corner of Europe, with the opposite coast of Asia Minor and the islands, the sole repositories of all the wit, wisdom, and learning accorded to the whole civilised world. In literature miracles are the rule, not the exception. The miracle of the boy of Stratford was not half so great as the miracle which shed on this little corner of Europe and the opposite coast of Asia all the beginnings of all the arts—all of them the utmost butt and sea-mark of subsequent endeavour, and some of them the despair of future effort. It would be very interesting, but it would far transcend our limits, to show how these great pioneers of learning, to whom Erasmus pointed out the way, gave to us the precious treasures of Greek and Roman literature which they found in a state of chaos, and which they handed down to us a readable literature. For there is not (as we have said) a single autograph manuscript of a classical author. Seldom is there a MS. of a classical author earlier than 300 years after that author's death. In many cases 1,000 years have elapsed, and in some—for instance, Sophocles and Aristophanes—1,400 years. The copyists to whom was intrusted the duty of preserving these priceless heritages for future ages were slaves, many of whom were almost absolutely ignorant of the languages in which these masterpieces found their vehicle. But for the scholiasts we should know next to nothing of the classics; and these scholiasts, too, have suffered grievous things at the hands of the copyists. Modern critics are disposed to be hard on the copyists and the scholiasts, especially when they do not bear out their own emendations. But it cannot be denied that the copyists were sometimes incredibly stupid and ignorant. The scribe to whom was intrusted the copying of that most inspired tragedy, the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus, did not know how to divide the Greek words which he had before him in the archetype, and often presents us with forms absolutely impossible in the Greek language. The copyist of M. had been ordered not to write the words continuously as in the MS., but to leave spaces between them. He broke the letters up so as to present an agreeable variety of combinations just as fancy prompted. The ancient scholiasts recognised the incapacity of the scribes. One of them writing on Auth. Pal. 5, 262 comments thus: "Nothing is left out; only the scribe was a fool."

This being the condition of the MSS., it was indeed a fortunate thing that scholars of such learning and such genius were forthcoming to carry out the great ideal of Erasmus. They were succeeded by scholars as great, among whom the English school was prominent. The field reaped by the Continental scholars left only gleanings to their successors; but if we were now concerned to set forth the triumphs of successful emendation, foremost among them would be Bentley, Porson, Elmsley, and other English critics.

Thus the name of Erasmus must always stand prominent among the great promoters of letters, and this little book will have done a great service in introducing him to readers to whom he may be little more than a name. The letters are written in beautiful Latin. The ease of the style is so great that it is hard to believe that Erasmus is not writing in his vernacular. Of course there are ante-classical and post-classical usages, but one is surprised to meet just those classical constructions which an imitator would have been most prone to avoid. One of the few aberrations in Latin writers from strict logicity, aberrations which are so rare in Latin and so common in Greek, is that construction which is called the Virtual Oblique, "he went away because he said it was so late" instead of "he went away because (as he said) it was so late." This is common in the letters of Erasmus, and lends to his Latin a very classical flavour.

We were disposed to regret at first that Mr. Allen had not given an English translation of the letters, but the Latin is very easy, and there are short notes and a vocabulary. Without these one might be puzzled by *postulatum*, "a florin," probably connected with *pistolet* or *pistole*, a French coin of the period. *Scutatum*, a crown, would be intelligible through the French *écu*. *Gentil*

in Letter II. would perplex a novice who was not reminded of *gentil garçon*. *Merda*, *μῆδος*, is unexpected in a writer so refined as Erasmus, but we are told by Victor Hugo that it (*merde*) was the word really used on an eventful occasion, and not "la Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas." It is less literary, but more forcible. In Letter IX. the future Henry VIII. is described as "a boy of nine, even then with a royal presence, showing a mingled dignity and gentility." A letter (VIII.) to Robert Fisher, whom he calls *Piscator*, though he often does not Latinise modern names, bears striking witness to the primacy of Italy as the home of classical refinement and learning; "a country where the very walls of the houses have more learning and eloquence than our scholars;" but in a subsequent letter (XVIII.) he writes, "England has now its own Italy, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, something better than Italy." A letter (XXI.) describing an explosion at Basel has a very post-classical word in *pulveris bombardici*, "gunpowder," the only absolute modernism in the selections except *celsitudo tua* for "your Highness." His "appreciation" of Archbishop Warham suggests that the Archbishops of the sixteenth century were much more worldly than prelates are now expected to be. He praises Warham for preferring improving reading and discourse with learned men to hunting, gambling, cards, and Court jesters. The short biographies of Vittrius and Colet throw much light on the time. Of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge he writes:

The Colleges of the English Universities are very expensive. Colet used to say that they absolutely hindered study, and encouraged idleness. Nor did he think well of the public lectures held in the schools, the competition for fees being very inimical to sound teaching.

We gather from the selections that in the time of Erasmus the conversation at Oxford dinner-parties was far from brilliant, but that the entertainments were costly and lavish, unlike the hospitalities of Continental Universities. In his "Life of Sir Thomas More" Erasmus says it was he who urged him to write his "Praise of Folly," "which was like begging a camel to dance." Letter XXVII. tells how a dishonest Londoner evaded the payment of his physician's fees by pretending to take umbrage at the doctor's presumption in addressing him as "thou":

"Vah" inquit "homo Germanus tuissas Anglum?"

The leech of the sixteenth century had a very different social position from that now enjoyed by the fashionable physician in London society.

There are interesting and well-executed portraits of Erasmus, Archbishop Warham, Dean Colet, and Sir Thomas More.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## CELTIC—AND OTHER

*Verses Sacred and Profane.* By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. (Dublin: Maunsell, 1s. net.)

*Deirdre.* A Drama in Three Acts. By "A. E." (Dublin: Maunsell, 1s. net.)

*Gallio.* By ST. JOHN LUCAS. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, 1s. net.)

*In the Starlight.* By ELIZABETH GIBSON. (The Samurai Press.)

*From a London Garden.* By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (D. Nutt, 1s.)

WE confess we cannot bring ourselves to the fine contempt of (so-called) "minor" verse which is vaunted in certain quarters; we think there is at least as much artistic accomplishment displayed by the writer of verse as by the writer of novels, and at least as much intellectual pleasure is to be gained from his work as from that of the more popular craftsman. We do not refer to volumes which are obviously ridiculous—the intolerable tax levied by silly vanity upon the reluctant praise of bored friends. The present books are to be considered seriously; but the

difficulty in dealing seriously with such books is that the reviewer must needs be continually skipping from one point to another, adjusting himself to the individual author's point of view. To take one immutable position and adjudge therefrom the procession of poets, may be dignified, and certainly would be easy; but it would not be quite just to the members of that procession, or satisfactory to readers. These five little volumes have one feature in common—a certain command of technique; but that is all. The first two, however, have a somewhat similar inspiration and may be viewed together.

It is, we think, De Quincey who makes a distinction between the twilight of day and the twilight of night. The familiar phrase, "The Celtic Twilight," is not an inapt description of a somewhat remarkable, if narrow and confined, movement in current letters. The "Celtic Twilight" is the twilight of night. In the work of the chief writers—in Mr. Yeats's poetry for example—there is a dimness, a vagueness, a wavering of muted music, that belongs to night rather than day. True, there are certain of his pieces, such famous verses as "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," which might seem to contradict this, but the general truth of the description will stand. And it is this preoccupation with dim, vague, elusive things, this treating of them in a dim, vague fashion, which distinguishes the Celtic singers from the others. Some of our purely English poets also deal with elusive things, but not dimly or vaguely. That is the difference. Christina Rossetti deals with sad things, but not in a vague or dim way. Father Tabb, an American poet with no taint of Americanism in his verse, deals with subtle, poignant things, such as a Celtic poet might choose for subject; but with what sharpness as of ivory, and clearness as of shining gold!

It seems to us, if such a thing be not altogether fanciful, that the first of these books belongs to the first twilight, of day, and the second to the later twilight, of night. Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan has put many interesting poems into his little book, but some of the best are comparatively un-Celtic. Here is a beautiful brief poem, which reminds us of nothing so much as some of the writing of that accomplished worker in verse Mr. Arthur Symonds, when he was himself under Irish influences:

#### THE MONK

I go with silent feet and slow,  
As all my black-robed brothers go;  
I dig awhile and read and pray,  
So portion out my pious day  
Until the evening time, and then  
Work at my book with cunning pen.  
If she would turn to me a while,  
If she would turn to me and smile,  
My book would be no more to me  
Than some forgotten phantasy,  
And God no more unto my mind  
Than a dead leaf upon the wind.

Far more conspicuous than any "influence" in this is the skill in words, the delightful craft of the verse. We must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting another brief specimen of Mr. O'Sullivan's best work:

#### DAY AND NIGHT

While still the dusk was magical,  
And night an unknown way,  
I watched the evening shadows fall,  
Impatient of the day.  
And now when night's a travelled land,  
Dusk a familiar face,  
I seek from day's departing hand  
A sacramental grace.

We mean it as a high compliment when we say that these simple lines are worthy of the fine master of profound simplicity in verse already named, Father Tabb. Mr. O'Sullivan's sonnets are unsuccessful, but the pieces we have quoted, and others of an equal simplicity and beauty, prove that he can write poetry which, as poetry and irrespective of "movements" and "schools," is worthy of praise.

The author of "Deirdre" is by this time fairly well known to English readers, for some work that is very

beautiful, and some that is ineffectual. This drama in three acts is in prose, and deals with the love of Deirdre and Naisi, and the vengeance of Conobar. It is work, as we have said, of the second twilight. There are beautiful passages, such as the opening:

DEIRDRE: Dear foster-mother, how the spring is beginning! The music of the father's harp is awakening the flowers. Now the winter's sleep is over, and the spring flows from the lips of the harp. Do you not feel the thrill in the wind—a joy answering the trembling strings? Dear foster-mother, the spring and the music are in my heart!

LAVARCAM: The harp has but three notes; and, after sleep and laughter, the last sound is of weeping.

But beautiful passages here and there are not enough. The whole effect of this drama is that of an uninspired, oft-repeated story, possessing indeed a kind of distant beauty, but without life, and consequently without meaning.

Let us leave these Celtic poets and turn to the author of "Gallio." This is the prize poem in blank verse on a sacred subject, and is the work of a writer with whose name readers are becoming properly familiar. The subject is the meeting of St. Paul with Gallio, and the effect upon the pro-consul of the sudden flame of the great Apostle. It is dealt with, after the wont of Browning, by means of a verse-epistle, but Mr. Lucas has not, fortunately, gone to Browning for his manner. He has achieved a style of a dignity, rhythm, and fundamental beauty that is as fine as any we have found in new verse for some time past. There is one line wherein he yields to the common temptation of passing beyond the proper limits of his verse:

Of men called Greeks, vain, unstable like sand.

But this is the only flaw of the kind. What we would more seriously question is the author's judgment in bringing within the strait bonds of verse Paul's own supreme words: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal." These things apart, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Lucas's poem. It is in itself an admirable thing, and gives promise of finer work, of a freer impulse than can be expected in a prize poem.

Miss Elizabeth Gibson's is a book of strenuous thought. She seldom permits herself to be simple or peaceful. She seldom permits herself to write a bad line; a really fine one never. Her skill is considerable; she has an evident sense of the force of words (though not of their beauty), and she has an evident impulse to verse. But the impulse is often not of the right, inevitable kind, and then her skill is wasted. There is hardly a poem in her book that quite satisfies us. She ought to have given no room to this sort of thing:—

All life has sprung from the initial cloud  
Of cold loose nebulae that whirled and whirled  
And broke and scattered; each piece spun apace  
And centre-drawn, its atoms crashing loud,  
Till light and heat were free, and each round world,  
Its moons, and the great sun appeared in space.

Nor does the Emersonian philosophy make good verse when the translation is as bald and literal as this:

Now is then, and then is now;  
Death is life, and life is death;  
Man, the god to whom we bow;  
God, the Man; and beauty, breath.  
Therefore tremble not, O bride,  
When the Spirit seeks thy grace;  
Thou in Him art deified,  
He through thee fills time and space.

That she has at times the true gift is shown by such a stanza as:

On the wide reaches of the night  
I loosed my sailing-boat of thought,  
And in my nets of longing caught  
Full many a vision of delight.

It is in her choice of subject that Miss Gibson errs. "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Simplicity is her chief need. Her chief danger is in



writing "strenuous" verses that convey nothing beyond the tamest platitudes, and have no more *real* meaning and far less delight than that favourite lyric of our earlier and present days alike, "Hickory, Dickory, Dock!" Is not pretentiousness the worst conceivable fault in a poet?

Mr. St. John Adcock's volume, "From a London Garden," has, we are glad to see, attained the dignity of a "cheap re-issue"—a rather rare occurrence. He has the most ease and fluency of any of these five poets; indeed, he has a considerable degree of facility—which is, alas! so dangerous. It is not given to every poet to improvise masterpieces, after the fashion of Mr. Swinburne! Lacking that unique gift, a poet can only wait humbly for the spark from Heaven to fall, and, with a soul so kindled, work with an indefectible fidelity and patience, refining away the gross superfluities of common speech of common things. For want of such patience, Mr. Adcock's ease and accomplishment sometimes hardly serve him well. In a word, he lacks adequate inspiration of subject and proper distinction of style. He has essayed sonnets—that most arduous of tests—and has fallen short of moderate success. Here are two lines from one of them:

I passed without, what time the organ pealed  
The last high rapture of a stately hymn.

Now a sonnet is the rare perfection of second thoughts, and Mr. Adcock's second thoughts would surely have suggested that "high raptures" are hardly to be associated with "stateliness." That is an instance of the regrettable absence of intellectual sharpness revealed in many of these poems—marring now and then their simplicity and charm. We like best "Wages," a love poem in the way of Donne, but without his Donnishness (if the irreverent word be pardonable!):

Love me for what I am; or, if not so,  
For what I am hate me and let me go!

We wish that the author, in arranging the present reprint, had made some few omissions of verses where platitudes jostles sentiment. As it is, the reader must do it for himself, and if he does it he will find there remains quite a number of verses of considerable charm. For those to whom this is an entirely new book, we will add this commendation: it is wholly free from pretentiousness.

The way of the lesser poet is hard. He is scoffed at by the superior reviews, and ha'penny fellows, unable themselves to write a decent sentence in verse or prose, fling their small wits at him. He has had too much of this petty martyrdom—too much, for it tends to make him regard himself a little pontifically, properly disdainful of the cheap gibes, but improperly deaf to thoughtful and considerate criticism. Hence, as we have often noticed, a somewhat heavy-gaited self-importance, an o'erweening seriousness in dealing with common things; and he forgets the primary service of every poet, the service of beauty. But at least he knows her name and holds in his heart the rumour of her wings—which others are quick to forget and utterly deny.

### THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

*The Oxford Treasury of English Literature.* Vol. III.  
Jacobean to Victorian. By G. E. HADOW and W. H.  
HADOW. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.)

If it is impossible to bestow upon the third volume of "The Oxford Treasury of English Literature" that unqualified eulogium which was undoubtedly demanded of the first, that arises in great part from the very necessities of the case. For with the growth and development of English literature, the anthologist is confronted with certain difficulties in the matter of selection, and where individual tastes and prejudices may legitimately assert themselves it is impossible that he should satisfy all readers. On the whole, however, the compilers of this volume may be con-

gratulated on a wise and judicious selection from the great poets and prose writers of the last three centuries, and their brief introductory chapters leave little to be desired.

The Restoration poets are admirably represented, though one would have gladly seen a little more space devoted to Herbert. Davenant's "Aubade" is here, of necessity; so too, Herrick's lyric on the "Daffodil;" while Suckling, Lovelace, Cowley, Marvell, Vaughan, and Traherne are each limited to a single poem. The selections from Milton in the second chapter are frankly disappointing. About twenty pages are devoted to "Paradise Lost," while from "Lycidas" (surely the greatest elegy in the English tongue) there is not a line. Nor have we any mention of "L'Allegro," or "Il Penseroso." On the other hand, the compilers' chapter on Milton is among the best in the volume. We have been accustomed to such a surfeit of Milton-worship that a note of warning is both timely and useful. He was the typical product of the Puritanism of his age, the highest conceivable expression of that Puritanism in poetry, and it argues no insensibility to his mighty "organ music" to assert that he possessed in a pre-eminent degree the inevitable defects of his creed and temperament.

He has, in the highest matters, no reticence. Dante, who describes every circle in Hell and every step in the Hill of Purgatory, turns back in awe from the White Rose of Paradise. St. John was admitted to the vision of the Son of Man, "And when I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead." Milton stands in the Presence with knee unbent and head unbowed: he relates the ineffable, he circumscribes the Infinite, he penetrates into the celestial counsels, and without misgiving "justifies the ways of God." His Heaven is a little lower than Olympus: a mundane kingdom which is stately, wise, dignified, but not Divine.

We do not propose to follow the compilers in their selections from the eighteenth-century writers, merely pausing to remark that Blake is but inadequately represented by such poems as "Night" and "The Lamb." But we do most strongly resent, as an affront to English poetry, the selection of the "Indicator" version of Keats's poem "La Belle Dame sans Merci."

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep;  
And there I shut her wild, sad eyes—  
So kiss'd to sleep

is but an indifferent substitute for the magic of—

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

Nor are the other variants of the text improvements, as, for instance, the substitution of "wretched wight" for "knight at arms."

One of the best chapters in the book is unquestionably that on the novel. The selections from Jane Austen, Scott, and Thackeray could scarcely have been bettered. Less happy, we think, is the extract from "Nicholas Nickleby" which has been chosen to represent the humour of Dickens. Personally we prefer Mr. Fezziwig's ball, or that inimitable chapter in "Our Mutual Friend" in which Silas Wegg reads "The Decline and Fall of the Russian Empire" to Mr. Boffin. But this is purely a matter of taste.

Victorian poetry is, for some inscrutable reason, limited to Tennyson and Browning. Yet were there the Rossettis, Coventry Patmore, and Matthew Arnold. That Matthew Arnold, indeed, should find no place in a volume which contains a lengthy extract from "The Castle of Otranto" is matter for reasonable complaint. An even greater defect is the absence from these pages of Newman, whose prose can successfully challenge comparison with that of any author of the nineteenth century.

Within these limitations, however, the book may be safely recommended as a careful and conscientious guide to English literature. It is conveniently arranged and admirably indexed.

## SHEEP IN WOLVES' CLOTHING

IN last week's issue we pointed out the importance to professional politicians of duly weighing their words, seeing that for them, as for all others who proffer advice upon public questions, the future reserves an inevitable calling to account. Words must be defined as well as weighed. In fact the one operation is useless without the other. Unfortunately it is a feature of the general mental deficiency which characterises our public men that they use words in the loosest possible way. The mean standard of education in Great Britain being low (undoubtedly lower than in either Germany or France), the value of precision in the use of words is not sufficiently recognised, with the result that constant misconceptions arise, especially in respect of a political vocabulary which ought to be international, and is only not so on account of this slovenliness. Take, for instance, the Socialism of Mr. Keir Hardie. Mr. Keir Hardie calls himself a Socialist, claims comradeship with the Socialists of other countries than his own, is invested with the peculiar halo of distinction appertaining to those who are all the world over ostensibly inspired by a stern set of principles, which in the case of Socialism pretends to have exact science as its basis, and so poses, in the name of Socialism, as a philanthropist and an apostle of humanitarianism, while, in point of fact, he is not a Socialist at all. There is but one political doctrine which has any right to claim the title of Socialism, and that is the pure Collectivist Socialism, the propagation of which is identified with the names of Karl Marx, Lassalle, Lafargue, and Jules Guesde. All other so-called "Socialisms" are merely frauds, in the sense that German champagne is a fraud, or childish imitations, belonging to the same category as chocolate cigarettes, or makeshifts such as mock-turtle soup. Any political doctrine outside of Collectivism which calls itself Socialism is plagiarising and pirating a title which does not belong to it; it is sailing under false colours, and is open to the charge of deliberately seeking to throw dust in the eyes of the public. Of such a kind are all the so-called "Christian" Socialisms, "Catholic" Socialisms, and "English" "Shavian" Socialisms—sheep in wolves' clothing—which, under the false pretence of adapting to local conditions the iron-cast dogmas and unflinchingly revolutionary programme of the real Socialists, are merely hybrid and monstrous forms of a grotesque and inane Opportunism, the parent stock of which was the Radicalism of sixty years ago. Socialism, the Socialism of the genuine brand, may be summed up in two words. It is Universal Capitalisation. All capital in the Socialist Utopia becomes vested in the State, which is the universal community. The State ownership of all means of production and exchange—and this is admittedly the alpha and omega of Socialism—means Universal Capitalisation, or it means nothing at all. So far from proclaiming a war upon Capital, Socialism would place Capital upon an absolute throne, make it the unique ruler of the world with all the autocratic power of a tyrant and the moral infallibility of a Pope. Such a scheme naturally embraces all human life, and the real Socialism, whose originators invented the title, and whose property in the name is just as exclusive as Mr. Keir Hardie's property in his own name, cannot by the very nature of its doctrine favour a class interest. One may entirely disagree with the principles of Socialism or Collectivism, whichever you please to call it, but one cannot refuse a meed of respectful recognition to the impeccable logic with which its deductions have been drawn from false premises, and to the serene intransigence of its authorised exponents. But no such consideration is due to the pinchbeck Socialism of Mr. Keir Hardie. The trades-unionism championed by Mr. Keir Hardie is not a Socialist movement, but an organised (and, let us say at once, admirably organised) effort to give artificial value to a certain commodity—to wit, labour—for which there is a commercial supply and demand. We do not propose to deal with the moral aspects of this combine, but it is sufficient to say that when producers have sought

to deal with raw products, such as cotton, gold, and food-stuffs, in the same way that the Trades Unions have dealt with labour, their organisation has been called (and generally with a hint of opprobrium) a "trust," a "corner," and, in France, an "*accaparement*." A French law, voted in consequence of pressure brought upon the Government by the French labouring classes, condemns "*accaparement*" as a *délit*, or misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment. Mr. Keir Hardie is in England the President of this Trades Union syndicate, the Managing Director of this combine for artificially forcing up the sale of a commodity of "first necessity." His business is to rig the labour market in the interest of those who employ him. His trade is that of a money-getter, neither more nor less—a perfectly honourable trade, no doubt, in the exercise of which his intelligence and energy have won him the confidence of those whose interests he serves, but he has no right, on the strength of these functions, to pose as either a philanthropist or a statesman. His philanthropy is limited by the nature of his business. Philanthropy embraces the whole human race; statesmanship is concerned with the interests of entire nations. Mr. Keir Hardie is the mouthpiece of a party which, as Mr. Lowell, in his admirable work upon the English Government, has pointed out, can never be a Ministerial or Government party because it is exclusively concerned with the interests of one class. His philanthropic ideals, his views on statesmanship, and the international relations which ought to exist between England and Germany should carry no more real weight and attract no wider interest than they would if, instead of being the business representative of a sham "Socialism," he were simply a shop-walker at the Civil Service Stores. He is no more qualified to propound principles of government than to lecture on Chinese metaphysics. His views upon militarism, the prospects of peace in Europe, and the situation of Great Britain with respect to the Continent, India, and the British Colonies have no more value than the table-talk of a travelling tinman. He is not competent to discuss them. Yet if Mr. Keir Hardie is listened to by ignorant Baboos and is able to leave a trail of blood behind him in India, if he commands the attention of the foreign Press as an authentic mouthpiece of British Socialist opinion, this is because of the erroneous belief that he represents a kind of philanthropic Socialism, with high economic and international ideals. Mr. John Burns masqueraded as a Socialist, and thus attained to his present position in the Liberal Government; but ask any of the hungry and disappointed "Socialists" upon whom his Ministerial back is now turned what they think of his Socialism, and from the howl that will go up you may form a precise idea as to what it has always been worth. It has the value of all "English" Socialism, which has never represented sincerely anything more than a worship of the butter-dish.

At the present juncture, when a difference of opinion has arisen between prominent members of the so-called English Socialist party—Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Hyndman, and Mr. Blatchford—on the subject of Anglo-German relations, the bringing together of a national army by conscription, and so forth, it is highly important that no mistake should be made as to what these gentlemen stand for in the political world. Mr. Hyndman has had a wide experience of the Continent. He is said to be familiar with the languages and methods of thought of both France and Germany. His reputation as a linguist is at least equal to that of Mr. Lloyd-George, from whom we are told the French tongue has no secrets, for did not the elderly Cardiff gentleman who adopted him make a point of learning the French language especially for the purpose of communicating it to the future Chancellor of the Exchequer? It is not inferior, we believe, to that of the versatile Mr. John Burns, who, if report be true, "mastered" German (shade of Goethe!) in nine months. Mr. Hyndman has come to the conclusion that Germany is preparing to attack Great Britain, a belief which is shared by Mr. Blatchford and certain members of



the Labour Party. This is creditable to their intelligence, for, though their awakening may be compared with that of Rip Van Winkle, it is better that it should come late than never. England has more than once been saved by the proletariat joining hands with the aristocracy across the backs of a cowering bourgeoisie. But let there be no mistake. English Socialism is not the Socialism of the Continent. It has neither the undivided national spirit of the German Democratic party to which Herr Bebel belongs, nor has it the unselfish universality which characterises French Collectivism. The peddling antics of Mr. Keir Hardie will have no more effect upon the international situation than the pettifogging ruses of that little country solicitor who is just back from Hamburg. Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Blatchford must not expect as "English Socialists" to establish an offensive and defensive alliance with the Socialist proletariat of the Continent, their interests and ambitions being too much those of a class, and they have practically nothing to offer in exchange for what they demand. Their patriotic attitude is none the less praiseworthy, for, though the German Socialist Democrats have neither the wish nor the power to help them, the German Government cannot fail to recognise that new and complex elements have now been added to a problem which hitherto must have seemed to the Germans so childishly easy to solve.

## BROAD AND "LONG"

WE revert to an old title because it is our painful duty to revert to an old subject. In a previous article under this head we had something to say of a book called "Five Nights," by Miss Victoria Cross. Our comments appear to have been received in a spirit of amazement by the parties most nearly concerned, but we have reason to believe that what we said found its mark. We warned the public of the true nature of the book, and the public took our warning. We warned Mr. Long of the risks which attached to him as the publisher and vendor of such a book, and up to a point he too has appreciated the validity of our remarks, and acted accordingly. Since our article was published various attempts have been made to pooh-pooh the whole question. The "Publisher's Circular," for example, wished to challenge us on a point which arose out of the matter. To this challenge we made no reply, because it was concerned with a side-issue, and in these questions there has always been a great deal too much raising of side-issues. The main issue was, Is "Five Nights" a decent book? We say, No. Our view appears to have been taken by the people who borrow books from libraries; and we believe that of their own volition Messrs. Smith and Messrs. Wyman have very properly declined to sell the book at their stalls. Mr. Long must know by this time that practically the whole intelligent opinion of the country is against him in the sale of such books. We are quite aware that he could obtain from certain critics, principally Socialists and believers in free love, an opinion to the contrary. These persons would assure us that Miss Victoria Cross's work is art, and that it deals with questions which it is necessary, and even essential, to discuss. Such a theory, however, is sheer humbug, and we will not waste words upon it. We desire at the present moment to call attention to the fact that Mr. Long is circulating in shilling form a book called "The Yoke," by Hubert Wales. The volume is described as the Popular Edition—that is to say, it is intended to reach the public who could not afford to purchase Mr. Wales's abominable story at six shillings. In this case, again, Messrs. Smith (and, we believe, Messrs. Wyman) have refused to expose the work for sale on their stalls. Why? Everybody knows that neither Messrs. Smith nor Messrs. Wyman have at any time attempted to set up a literary or artistic censorship. It is their business to disseminate such publications as may be offered to them by publishing-houses of recognised standing. They take no side in politics, they bar no man in the utterance of his views provided he steers clear

of the law of libel, and they bar no sort of writing, however feeble, frivolous, or even indelicate it may be, provided it does not palpably offend against the public decency. And herein lies the point. The regard which Messrs. Smith and Messrs. Wyman may have for the public decency is not in any sense a philanthropic or moral regard. It is a cool business regard, and founded on a wholesome respect for the law of the land. We say this not with any desire to make imputations against Messrs. Smith or Messrs. Wyman, who, it must be admitted, are nowadays beset with grave difficulties when matters of this nature arise, and who, on the whole, surmount those difficulties with marked credit and discretion. The fact, however, remains that if there were no libel laws and no laws concerning indecent publications, Messrs. Smith and Messrs. Wyman would be in no position to exercise a censorship over any publication whatever. We have been at the trouble to ascertain precisely from our solicitors, Messrs. Arthur Newton and Co., of Great Marlborough-street, W., a summary of the law which applies to indecent publications. We reproduce that summary herewith:

### UNDER THE TOWN POLICE CLAUSES ACTS, 1847 AND 1889

Any person who publicly offers for sale or distribution, or exhibits to public view any indecent or obscene book, paper, or print renders himself liable to be criminally prosecuted and sentenced to fine or imprisonment.

### UNDER THE VAGRANCY ACT, 1824

Every person who wilfully exposes to view in any street, road, highway, or public place any obscene print or picture is liable to three months' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond.

### UNDER THE OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS ACT, 1857

Any Metropolitan Police magistrate, upon complaint being made on oath that the complainant has reason to believe that any obscene books, papers or writings are kept in any house, shop, or room for the purpose of sale, has power to issue a search warrant to search such premises; the offender being liable to be prosecuted on indictment for misdemeanour, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

### UNDER THE POST OFFICE PROTECTION ACT, 1884

Any person who sends any indecent book, print, or written matter through the post is liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £10, and on conviction on indictment to imprisonment with hard labour not exceeding twelve months.

Now the question arises, Does Mr. Wales's book, "The Yoke," fall properly under the head of an indecent or obscene work? In our opinion it does. We believe that a jury of intelligent men would agree with us, and we do not believe that either Mr. Wales or Mr. Long could find a member of the Bar who would be willing to stand up in court and read out aloud Mr. Wales's story "The Yoke" and contend that it was decent. We shall not sully these pages with a *résumé* of the vile tale Mr. Wales unfolds. We will only say of it that if it means anything at all it means unthinkable and unspeakable things. Both publisher and author tacitly admit that one chapter which appeared in the original six-shilling edition is not proper for the perusal of the populace, because they have carefully omitted it from the popular edition. Certain other passages also would appear to have been toned down in a wild endeavour to render them suitable for popular consumption. No mention of these omissions is made anywhere in the new edition, although Mr. Wales contributes a preface in which he might very well have referred to them. Probably he refrained because he did not want to send the public helter-skelter after "The Yoke" at six shillings, and Mr. Long, of course, refrains from saying anything because it would not be business. In the preface referred to Mr. Wales sets himself up for an entirely righteous and ill-used author. He has been the subject, it seems, of "heated and indiscriminate" attacks. And he confesses that "at one time these assaults sent the desire to remove misconception, to explain his aims, and to strike back tingling to the point of his pen." He adds, "I do not write to reply, there is no need.

For the public has answered for me." It would be most interesting to know what possible "aims" Mr. Wales can have other than the aim to make money and notoriety at whatever cost. There can be no "reply" that is worthy or will bear looking at to the assaults which may have been made upon "The Yoke," and Mr. Wales knows it as well as we know it. Hence he has no stomach for reply. If he is to justify "The Yoke" on the ground that it is a work written, as he claims, with a view to encouraging "a larger and more liberal view of some phases of life" he can do it only by presupposing that his readers are prepared to throw every rag of decency out of the window, and to revert on questions of sex to conditions of life inferior to those of the lower animals. The fact is that the only "larger and more liberal view" that "The Yoke" can be expected to induce is a view which would be repugnant to the very drabs of the street, much less to an honest or virtuous woman. We admit that the story is made to appear in the light of a history of great self-sacrifice. We admit also that it is told with a careful eye to the avoidance of indecency as regards the letter. But the spirit of it is indecent, and the assumptions upon which it is constructed are foul and false. The philosophic condition of Mr. Wales's mind may be gathered from the following sneering passage:

And therein she felt at times that she had a grievance against the great Giver and the great Taker-away. He had removed from her the possibility of such deep and absorbing love as could make happy a lifelong union; but He had not removed—and He appeared to have no immediate intention of removing—those fundamental instincts which are the base of all sexual love, however superficially etherealised.

There you have an attitude which is sufficiently indicative of Mr. Wales the moralist. We should not discuss such matters with such a writer. Mr. Wales knows nothing about the heart of woman, and he does not even know about men. His business and understanding are with the animal. In any case "The Yoke" is a book which, in our opinion, should be immediately withdrawn from circulation. If Mr. Long will consult with any wise person on the subject he will not hesitate to do his strict duty in the matter. If he can produce an expression of opinion from, say, a priest of his own Church, or from a magistrate, or from any recognised publicist, to the effect that "The Yoke" is the kind of book which ought to be published, and which it is unfair to place in the category of indecent works, he might be able to satisfy his own conscience in the matter. But no serious thinker and no person possessed of a sense of public duty could give him any such opinion. He must therefore fall back on himself. He can have no possible contract with his author which compels him to publish a work like "The Yoke." If, as we believe it has been contended, he does not read his own publications himself, and has consequently no precise knowledge of the real nature of "The Yoke," it is now incumbent upon him to read the book and consider his conclusions about it. We have quoted the law to him, and we think that if every other consideration fails he should at least exhibit some respect for the law. If the book is withdrawn there is an end of the matter; if it is not withdrawn Mr. Long is not unlikely to hear from us again. We do not propose to be mealy-mouthed about such scandals, and if the need arises we shall not hesitate to take off the gloves.

## CHUB FISHING

On a fine grey day, with a warm, gentle wind, there is much sport to be had with chubs—sport not to be despised by the finest of anglers. It is true that chub do not taste like trout from a pebbly brook, nor do they offer a very gallant resistance when hooked; but these are minor matters. The great achievement is to engage them, and only in the second place to land them, and long second even to that comes the view of the *magister artium*. The lordly angler, who had dieted his heart upon Scottish or Norse salmon, or the multitudinous trout of well-preserved

waters, has no notion of what it means to catch a bag of chub. He gives you to understand that, as the subaltern said of fiddling, no doubt he could do it if he had a mind. The mind is possibly the one thing needed. Take him on tiptoe to the bramble-bush which screens the bend under the willows. Let him peep at the school, kept by a venerable seeming five-pounder, whom you have long known as Hawkins, or Dr. Busby, or possibly as Arnold. Your friend rustles with careless ease, and the school sinks noiselessly before it can even be seen or believed in. You come back in an hour, and this time the old chevin is dosing. Your friend has seen him in all his globular glory, with his messmates or scholars thick about him, and begins to consider that it might be worth while to have a try. You encourage him with hidden satire. It is easy to reach the spot from the other side, he says. That was a notion you entertained yourself for the first week of your assault. But when you walked to the place you imagined the place had been netted. Not an olive-red back was visible, not a swirl disturbed the river. Next time you went softly, on all fours it may be, or prostrate, as befitted the enterprise. You get a distant prospect this time, and before your fly alights they have seen or heard the waiving, swishing rod, and you might as well have cast that fly upon the waterbut. Your friend, used to bold opponents, who will let you splash in up to their very doors, walks carelessly and in vain; then cautiously, then abjectly. He throws next in faith with incredible skill. The result is the same. Then he tries the boat; still Hawkins takes no heed of him except just to sink, when the boat rounds the next bend but one. The good man has lost five flies in the lilies and two dangle from the pollards. He is humiliated enough to try bait, and floats a worm, cheese, a gooseberry, a bunch of maggots, all savoury meats in turn, down the stream. He catches one half-pounder per evening, for he has fallen back on the twilight now, but after this evening sacrifice he engages no more of the school of Hawkins, and even then has gotten none of the oligarchy, let alone the Doge. He has but overcome the boot-boy of the establishment, and even he comes up with a mouthful of weed which he has gripped the moment he felt himself hooked. You rise early and take rest late. You long for dynamite. Still no response to your invitations. The worst moment endured is when you floated a grasshopper at 6 a.m. on a very fine gut-line right down to the very centre of the school and they wheeled around it. The water trembled and splashed, surely? But not a—yes—no—yes—the grasshopper is gone, but not a fish is to be found, and the second grasshopper gets no welcome at all. The small frog on a paternoster, after a two-pipe interval, in the gloaming, succeeded in getting one fine fish, just under three pounds, from that select circle; but nothing seems to succeed twice, and your friend goes away more than ever convinced that chubs are coarse fish and unworthy the consideration and the society of English gentlemen. Hawkins for three seasons escaped the otter and the angler, although he was attempted by many an expert and called after all the great school masters and heads in turn. A Balliol man, who named the fish Jowett, declares that he had a distinct bite when he threw a coachman-fly in an east wind near the noble company; but he had nothing to show for it, except a dish of minor prophets, whom he had taken in the open. It was in his fourth season that land-mind triumphs over water-mind and the great fellow got weighed and bragged over. It was a bumble-bee, one lazy afternoon, caught on the window and tied with fine silk to a hook, and then hung over the blackberry-bush from a very light fly-rod an inch from the water. A congregation soon gathered, elder after elder came to inspect. It was put to the vote, after interminable argument as it seemed. Our chairman, or provost, gave the casting vote, and it was decided that this bumble-bee was genuine, was desirable, good for food, and a thing to make one wise. The chairman snatched it, and the rest is soon told. He knew too much about hooks to have great heart for the war. He struck up stream, caught



bitterly at the lilies once or twice, and then rolled on his side and came to the landing-net like a fat sheep. He perished in the plenitude of his power, and his glory stood less in his five and a half pounds of flesh than in the fact that his juniors afterwards fell easier victims, being deprived of his Solomonic advice. The gardener reported that he ate deliciously. He had abased the pride of many anglers in his day; but even Solomon was not always wise.

## THE COURSE OF ENGLISH PROSE

It were indeed a desperate enterprise to attempt in the space of two or three columns a complete survey of the course of English prose; and, although as attractive as desperate enterprises commonly are, I do not propose to lay such a burden upon the readers of *THE ACADEMY*. What is here said of the writers anterior to our own day is but meant as introductory to a consideration of the features and tendencies of recent prose. It appears necessary to ascertain some clear characteristics, even, if possible, some definite principle, in the work of earlier masters if the writings of present-day craftsmen are to be properly weighed. Strictly historical such an examination need not be; it is sufficient to note the distinguishing virtue and graces of a few of those who are generally accepted as the giants of our literature.

Yet even when a wide disclaimer is thus made the task is by no means an easy one; there is so vast a confusion of excellencies, so perplexing a host of genius. An arbitrary but convenient starting-point may, however, be found in the English Bible, since in that are summed up, and exalted to a noble perfectness, the capacity and beauty of our tongue as then and theretofore in use. Few things, I imagine, would be more delightful than a study of the essentials of Biblical prose; but that, again, would be a deviation from the scope of this brief paper. And, moreover, of the capacity and beauty of the Bible language it were surely superfluous to speak in detail. The unique competence of this varied Elizabethan speech (or Jacobean if you will) is displayed alike in plain narrative and sublime debortation; its unique beauty in pages of lyrical loveliness so lofty that it seems the translators must have heard the incommunicable music of

Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly.

Is there another book, is there even a body of writing of the same compass, comprising speech so noble in sublimity, in poetic vitality, in familiar directness of colloquy, in profound simplicity of humble devotion? Every man knows, more or less by heart, passages in each kind, and would regard as an impertinence the attempt to indicate them. But it is not perhaps so generally perceived that the English Bible is the one indispensable book for the student of the English language, both for itself and for its importance in the determination of the style of some of our greatest prose masters.

A chief characteristic which, whatever else is passed by, must not be overlooked is, I think, the sense of echo which the Biblical prose conveys. Almost throughout do you feel that this memorable speech of such dignity and power is the reverberation of a larger utterance; that in the subtle and various cadence, even in the choice and order of words, there is less of deliberate art than of passive response to an ancient, spiritual harmony. This is not to say, of course, that there is any lack of art in the style attained; only the consummate patience of a great piety joined with great skill in words could have produced it; my meaning is that the style is more, far more, than a cunning achievement. Surely it is the fruit of "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit Who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." The effect is continually vocal,

whether the language rise to the exaltation of poetry (as in that line which is the spring of Mr. Swinburne's fine verses, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept"), or fall into such a familiar note of simple narrative as in that passage of St. Paul's farewell.

And in mentioning this singular vocal quality, this persistent sense of echo, we touch, I think, the secret of the almost incomparable greatness of the prose, not only of the Bible, but of the great army of Elizabethan and later writers. In an acute chapter of "The Idea of a University," Newman, himself so sure a master of language, bids us observe of literature that:

It addresses itself, in its primary idea, *to the ear, not to the eye*. We call it the power of speech, we call it language, that is, the use of the tongue.

This vocal characteristic is to be discovered in the rhythm of the best prose of that time. Clearly the rhythm of prose is different from the rhythm of poetry, though in an almost indefinable way; but its determining presence in the best of the former is as surely to be recognised as in the latter. And to the influence of the Bible, "the book that begat English prose," is the distinctive quality of our greatest prose, at least in part to be attributed. It orders, indeed, and continually inspires the style of our best literature. When the first spacious period had passed, the large note became faint, though never wholly indistinguishable; but with the revival of lofty prose in the work of Ruskin and Newman there was heard the august echo of two centuries earlier. Of these I shall be speaking in a moment; the point I wish to emphasise just now—a perfectly obvious point, I believe—is that in such writers as Taylor, Browne, Donne, Milton (to name but the most conspicuous) is found the clear Biblical note, the perpetual cadence and rhythm of the only-begetter of our great prose. It is by this rather than by any unessential fancifulness or pleasant quaintness—sometimes ignorantly declared a chief characteristic—that their work is ennobled. These tributary graces have often been remarked, and assuredly are the common delight of all that read, but they are *only* graces; more vital is the controlling rhythm. In a line of Jeremy Taylor's:

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand?

Or of Browne's:

Pious spirits, who possessed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeing;

In a sentence of Donne's:

As my soul shall not go towards heaven, but go by heaven to heaven, to the heaven of heavens, so the true joy of a good soul in this world is the very joy of heaven;

Or in such a passage from Milton as that already quoted, you may note with equal clearness the rhythmic impulse, even while you acknowledge the brilliance, or the musing fantasy, or the sombre ardour in one or another. And if such extracts were multiplied tiresomely, if whole chapters were quoted, the same dominance would be observable. This it is that they have in common with the prose of the English Bible; this is the inspiration they have received from it.

It were, of course, merely fanciful to assign all the subsequent glories of our literature to this one origin, but at least it is remarkable that there should persist the same rhythmic governance even when the direct Biblical influence is no longer discernible. The instance of Bunyan can hardly be quoted, the echo of the Scriptural tongue is too perfect and deliberate, to assist greatly in establishing the continuance of this tradition; in its familiar simplicity, in its humble, pleading earnestness, even in its occasional sharp irony, it forms, for the style, almost a companion-book to its prototype. Quite apart from this, however, with the general simplification of language, or rather with its diminishing grandeur and subduing of individual fancy to a common restraint, there yet endures, as in Swift and

Defoe for example, the strong distinction of an infallible rhythm. It is extraordinary, this perpetuation—as though ordained by some profound hierarchy of the undying dead—of an impulse and characteristic, so elusive, subtle, delicate, and powerful. The very restraint, directness, pedestrianism of the later style—to point a contrast to the free-winged music just now considered—is due in part to the sureness of that control. There is no floundering or lumbering, no *staccato* abruptness in the midst of trailing, loose phrases, as in so much current writing.

Even in the ill-appreciated writing of Gibbon and Johnson there is the same unflinching control. Did space permit, it would be a pleasure to do a little confident tilting against the unjust depreciation of the style of both writers—especially Johnson's, of whose work I will boldly say that, at its best in the stately manner of the Essays and at the level of the less imperial manner of the "Lives of the Poets," few of his successors have excelled him in lucidity, strength, and minute completeness of expression. Say what you will of his tendency to cumbrousness—which yet is not always manifest—a careful reader such as good prose always presumes, cannot fail to see that Johnson's is extraordinary in its patient discrimination of meaning and precision of phrase. And with the best will in the world to belittle his merits as a writer, you cannot but detect, if you have an ear, the rhythm moving wavelike in noble undertone beneath it. It is only less conspicuous than in Burke's.

Of Burke's work, indeed, although it is reckoned—I do not doubt justly reckoned—among our national glories, I confess to an appreciation less hearty than of his masterful friend's. It is less personal, but I dare not say it is less perfect. It has, no doubt, all the qualities which grave, great prose must have; but while sometimes impassioned, indignant, accusing, it yet lacks that rare and precious quality of delight which the highest things always discover. It moves without wing, becomes eloquent without singing, remarkable but not irresistible. What Johnson said of Burke, that he winds into his subject like a serpent, may be excellent and exact criticism, but it does not indicate that loftier power and inspiration which alone will bring a man from the unread classics into the smaller body of the read. . . . All this I must needs admit to myself, even while claiming his work as a splendid example of the governing principle or instinct which throughout I am keeping in mind. Is it that imagination of the highest kind is lacking, to comprise in one word all possible shortcoming—the ecstasy which, amid much that is questionable in De Quincey, for example, is sufficient to redeem his work from the ignoble immortality of the unread? De Quincey's style is far from being inimitable, but it is the worst possible to imitate. Every fault of its author is discernible in it—and, be it said also, every excellence. He is among the first of them that make of prose the conscious instrument of art that we now know it; he is among the first and chief of those rare artists who use words magically, as an incantation to evoke strange beauty. But more than the word is the sentence, more than aught else the rhythm which from childhood to death pursued him and inspired in him those large, opulent harmonies of which beyond any man of his generation he knew the secret. He is a mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies. And as he ever felt some strong, indescribable impulsion ordering his steps in the woeful maze of the world, so there is always a like influence in the movement of his sentences. Does the reader remember that passage in the opening of the Autobiography wherein De Quincey tells of that sad, brief watch by the body of his dead sister, when "a solemn wind began to blow . . . a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries"—a wind to be heard again and again by him in the course of his visionary, impassioned life? It is such a wind, "hollow, solemn, Memnonian," that stirs in his prose, and lifts the great waves. In his art, as in his life, it is ever present.

To examine even thus slightly the writings of his successors who display somewhat similar skill in music would

be unpardonably tedious; and therefore, omitting all save mere mention of work such as Landor's—sometimes so charming, sometimes so sluggish and marble-cold—the present paper will be concluded by a short reference to the two masters whose prose stands in unchallenged supremacy as the greatest in style of the last century, and may not improperly be allowed to challenge the supremacy of preceding centuries—Newman and Ruskin. In bulk, the work of each was enormous, in form scrupulous, in beauty incomparable save with one another. If "Lycidas," or for that matter any other poem, be an infallible test of a blameless style in verse, then is Newman's writing a perfect test of the power and beauty of prose. His words on the office and prerogative of letters are alone a sufficient witness to the rectitude of his literary sense, and his own clear, noble, and persuasive manner of speech is a sufficient title to authority. It is Newman who disposes of the plausible, ridiculous notion that style is an extra, an artifice; it is Newman who, supremely of English writers, exemplifies a pure beauty of style inalienable from the necessities of his speech, inseparable from the full expression of his thought. And it is Newman who reveals in his prose that persistent vital control of the manner by the idea, of the sentence by the rhythm, in a word, that austere and imperative subjection of the incidental to the essential which is demanded in the writer who is to receive our unreluctant, unreserving homage. It is entirely unnecessary, I believe, to offer specimens of his writing to readers of THE ACADEMY; its compass, power, and beauty are to be noted alike in the appealing urgency of his sermons and in the close, analytical, charmingly lucid chapters of his severest work. At first glance you will call it inconspicuous; you will not notice any reconditeness in the vocabulary or daring in the adjective. But you will in time discover that a greater gift is in Newman's hands: his prose trembles with an authentic message, an echo; a Biblical strength and a Biblical simplicity appear, and you are conscious of an effect upon the mind only comparable with the effect of the purest devotional literature upon the soul.

Even more might be said of his great compeer Ruskin, only it is perhaps even more superfluous to say it. To look through those amazing indices of his many books and note the multitude of Biblical references and allusions is to perceive that his ear, as his soul, was possessed by the great harmonies of the Biblical style—a possession not less complete in the simple, direct manner of "Praeterita" than in the passionate and spacious rhythm of the earlier work. In "Praeterita," too, the most beautiful and tender autobiography ever penned by an old man weary of fight, you will find full acknowledgment of the power exercised on him from earliest infancy by the Bible language. He tells, with that reminiscent garrulity which is a complete delight, how ineradicably it entered into his being, forming alike his intense spirit and his magical style. Perhaps of all the writers mentioned in this desultory paper his prose reveals most plainly a profound rhythmic inspiration and control. In the marvellous undulations, the strong-winged ardency, of "Modern Painters" and the "Seven Lamps," that sure and subtle spell seems, moon-like, to draw the great tide of his speech, and make it a possession as precious in prose as "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" in verse. And, be it observed, it is not in any magnificent extravagance of ornament or novelty of epithet, or vastness of vocabulary that its true greatness lies, but, first and last, in this perpetual rhythm and echo of ancient incantation.

But the example of Ruskin has been forgotten. A new prose has crept into our literature, formed on another principle, and subject to a different control.

J. F.

## THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN

Now that the apostles of revolt go round from hearth to hearth and preach domestic anarchy with a zeal which would be more fitly employed in spider-hunting, it is well to ask ourselves why, in all races and at all times and in all countries, woman has been held subordinate. The foolish



talk about the matriarchate—that absurd name—usually leaves out of count the fact that where any system prevails which can be burlesqued by that title it is a system in which women are so much the common slaves of men, that no one can guess who is his father, and therefore houses and goods have to be held in law by the women. The answer to our question is so simple, so natural, so inevitable that it is vexatious to so-called thinkers. The chief end of woman is marriage and motherhood. She has to be subject for that end, and those feminists are logical who curse and deride that end and the powers which have ordained it, and the sons and daughters of men who acquiesce, and even rejoice, in it. If marriage and motherhood are the true end of woman's life, and these demand subjection, then the training and education of girls must of course fit them for that subjection, looking towards that end; and it is only when the end is relinquished for another—such as spiritual perfection, education, research, or industry—that subjection can be waived. But does marriage imply subjection? That is the gist of the whole matter. It undoubtedly does so as a sacrament, as a natural state, and as a social condition. The first is of course too deep a thought for the emancipated person to plumb, and is part of a great system, which such reject, and which is too large even to outline. But everybody can easily see that marriage is imposed by the spiritual man upon the natural man. The old Adam wishes possession without responsibility. He would like to keep his Eve only so long as she pleases him. About the time that Cain, Abel, and Seth begin to devour all his earnings, and Eve is less shapely than at first, he would suggest that the connection end. He is in full power, physically and economically. She has put her power, beauty, and strength into his children. If he leaves her when his carnal self bids him budge she suffers cruelly and he not at all. Budge not says the juster and more spiritual man in him, and if he listens to that voice it is more profitable to his whole self and, in the long run, more pleasant. In return for the fact that he gives up his animal advantages, uses his strength for her good, he is to have—what? Surely the price of her subjection, the headship and leadership, which she concedes, is not an exorbitant price? If it is paid sincerely, it is found to be a very light price indeed, as thousands of smiling English mothers testify. Indeed, it is so light, that its payment is not noticed at all, and the ungracious question of *meum* and *tuum* is not even mooted. But marriage does not merely concern the persons ringed in by the corporation, the company formed by the union. It concerns Society at large, the parish, county, state, and the human race, and that concern is pressing and immediate. If Smith and Brown go into partnership in the grocery trade, the public wishes to know who is the senior partner. If Smith takes a shop, orders a chest of tea, appeals against the rates, has gas laid on, it would be intolerable that Brown should have to be sought out and asked if he agrees to each act, or if he countermands all Smith's orders. Marriage is the formation of a new firm, and the outsiders require to be assured that one is the principal, so that we may not be deluded, when we deal with that firm, that there be no double-shuffle and no equivocation. We wish to know that the person we address has power to act, and that means simply that the junior partner is in due subjection. If they differ, as is likely, they must settle their difference before the spokesman deals with us. The landlord, the hosier, the milkman, the schoolmaster, and the newspaper-vendor require the orders given them to be given with authority. If Adam rents a villa we cannot upon rent-day accept the plea that Eve did not agree, or that Master Seth prefers a caravan. The whole life of the firm is bound up with its credit, and its credit depends upon the subjection of the junior partner. If any lady thinks otherwise, she is the worst enemy her sex can have, for she makes them, logically, not subjects, but slaves, and slaves to exasperated masters. The women who choose other ends, or have other ends than wifehood and motherhood thrust upon them, may, indeed, be acting in obedience to a higher call. They may

have equal dealings with men or none at all. They may compete with men in work or play, or in spiritual insight, but they must be content to have less honour than those who choose the harder part; and if they demand the courtesies, which all good men love to pay to all women, they must receive them because the obedient wives have won them, and themselves accept them as of grace and not of right. It is a pitifully silly thing to quarrel with the fundamental laws and facts of the universe. The single woman in her revolt has given no hostages to fortune. she can only wound her own hairy scalp by knocking it against the walls of life; but the married woman, who is converted to the ugly sex war, wounds many other scalps besides her own—but her own chiefly. At a costermonger's wedding the bride once refused to say the word "obey." The groom said cheerfully, "Never you mind, that, parson; we will settle that among ourselves afterwards." If that is how every question is to be decided there is much unhappiness for both husband and wife, but infinitely more for the wife, who is more easily bruised in body and in soul too. All possible relations between the sexes have been tried, and human beings have slowly, tentatively and, perhaps, incompletely come to the conclusion that the institution of marriage is least unsatisfactory; in other words, that it is best to have the subjection of women. Any other plan is merely reactionary.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1870-92.* Abridged and translated by E. SPARVEL BAYLY. (A. Constable and Co., Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the third and final portion of Taine's Letters in their English dress, and represents the sadder, riper stage of his mind. There is so much of what is profound, sincere, and finely finished in the observation and criticism of these Letters, that the reader will enjoy them certainly, however little he may look at things from the author's standpoint. The Letters begin with the horrors of the German invasion and all the agony of that dreadful time, chronicled with a restraint which is the more impressive as it is manly. The short summaries of what was done—the looting of pictures, jewels, art-treasures, wine and house-linen, the destruction of thousands of trees, the "relapse into barbarism," the ground putrid with corpses of men and horses hardly buried below the surface, the cart-loads of manure left in the historian's house, the wanton destruction of everything, the beggary and shock—these are but chips from the workshops of Ares. The people who are disposed to face with equanimity the notion of German invasion should read these unimpassioned lines and see what they might expect to suffer and to pay if such an enemy ever set foot in England. "The Teutonic animal is fundamentally hard, brutal and despotic, and the German animal is grasping and miserly as well." The man of letters, "his mind in mourning," saw and prophesied that the German policy of conquest and annexation would result in a European combination at the last, for "an ambitious, tyrannical, and over-powerful neighbour is a common enemy." With regard to France he had no illusions. He traced her downfall to the mistakes of the Revolution, to the spinal disorders then contracted. "Incapacity was the general characteristic of the Terrorists," as it always is. He had no illusions about the first Napoleon and his work and the savagery of his troops. He followed where the facts led, whatever Princess Matilde or any one else might do or say. He boldly reversed the official view concerning many matters and many persons. He abhorred Rousseau. "I do not like that type of unsuccessful claimant of divinity, creatures of monstrous vanity and essentially false judgment." He saw in Heine not a foreign meteor, but "the greatest poet Germany has seen since the death of Goethe, possibly also the most intense poet since Dante."

The criticisms upon English life and letters naturally

attract the English reader most; and they are clever, gentlemanly, and frank, as goes without saying, but they are rather surprising. He thought that we excelled in good prose "from Swift to Macaulay;" the instances are significant. Indeed, the latter writer moved him to an astonishing enthusiasm, both for his work and for the country which bred him, and "where it is possible to be truly a Liberal." Indeed, we get a number of debatable theses through the volume such as might prove a goldmine to societies of literary discussion. Did Elizabeth Browning write but one masterpiece, to which neither Tennyson nor any poet of the century except Byron has the equal? Was Herbert Spencer both a bad writer and the deepest thinker in Europe? And George Eliot, are her character-studies of the highest merit? If so, is this equally true?—

She moralises overmuch; it is evident that she has had Methodistical surroundings. On the other hand, she writes badly, obscurely, and shows disproportion in her use of words. Her education and reading have filled her brain with a jumble of technical terms, from political economy to metaphysics, and with these she overloads her books.

Was she "a great genius but an incomplete artist"? Does Robert Browning "probably show genius in all his writings," but "write his thoughts merely for his own satisfaction, without considering his readers, without preparing, explaining, or sacrificing anything"? Should young ladies avoid Mrs. Browning's lyrics, Rossetti, and Swinburne, as they would eschew haschich or morphine? Should girls be warned off from *King Lear* and allowed free pasture in *Hamlet*? The general summary of Oxford society when Freeman, Lady Dilke, Jowett, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dean Kitchin, Stanley, Max Müller, and others were on the boards seems a trifle sweeping:

In all I hear and read I never come across any true delicacy of literary feeling, never the gift, the art, of really understanding the souls and passions that animated past humanity. It is all just erudition, very solid, but little more.

These are samples of the interesting questions which are quartered in troops in these pleasant pages, and the author, who threw them out more tentatively than dogmatically, would hear with an equal ear the decision of his readers upon any of these points. He was sincerely detached, and would probably have described all these opinions as *lâtonnements*, and entirely open to revision. Some of the criticisms are more summary and convincing. How much critical labour would be saved over the Gospel of St. Mark, for instance, if the disputants would but listen first to a literary verdict. "It is the work of an illiterate, straightforward artisan, something like the *cahiers* of Coignet." That is an excellent starting-point, too often forgotten, as is all literary criticism, in the dust of the schools. Indeed, M. Taine is to be thanked for many a fulcrum of thought. He always was welcome in England in person, and his Letters, now that we cannot welcome him, are a grateful heritage from an old and pleasant friend.

*A Century of Political Development.* By HECTOR MACPHERSON. (William Blackwood and Sons, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is possible that some readers may be misled by the title of this work. They will expect an elaborate treatise on the history of Cabinets and political speech-making, and they will be proportionally disappointed to find that these matters do not engage the attention of the author for a single moment. The book is, indeed, a brief *résumé* of the history of political science and theory in England from the days of Burke until the present time. As a judicious and dispassionate criticism of modern political ideals it is invaluable. Mr. Macpherson's analytical sense is seldom at fault, and he is quick to detect the weaknesses inherent in the various political philosophies of the nineteenth century. The chapter on Burke is a model of sane and lucid exposition. Equally admirable are the two chapters in which Mr. Macpherson demonstrates the economic

fallacies underlying modern Socialism. He expresses considerable admiration for the Manchester School, but when he asserts that the one question upon which they concentrated their attention was how to cheapen food and *raise the wages of the people* (the italics are ours) we are forced to dissent somewhat violently. To the Manchester School undoubtedly belongs the credit of recognising that political systems are determined and conditioned by economic forces. But they would probably have assented to Ricardo's dictum that wages can never be maintained above subsistence level, for it would have suited their purposes to do so. They looked with no favourable eyes on labour organisations; they would have resisted with all their power the to attempt legally define a living wage; and the right to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest was one of the most cherished articles of their creed. It included labour as well as other commodities. They fought against the Factory Acts, which were passed by a Tory Government in the teeth of Liberal opposition.

Mr. Macpherson is troubled by no doubts as to the justice of our present industrial system. To him the economic factor is the only factor that counts in the making of history. He speaks slightly of patriotism, and pleads for a reconstruction of our method of teaching history. The scholar of the future will, it appears, know nothing of Nelson or of Wellington. He will be taught that the real cause of our victory at Waterloo was the economic exhaustion of France. He will be taught, in short, the noble and inspiring lesson that money rules the world, and that the capitalist is the only permanent benefactor to society. Nevertheless, in one memorable passage Mr. Macpherson rises superior to his philosophy and strikes a note of timely warning:

Let the capitalist class take warning (he writes). Unless they give greater prominence to their duties, and be less anxious about their rights, they will find themselves face to face with another revolution—an economic revolution. It will be bloodless; it will be fought with political weapons; but before it is over it will shake the industrial world to its foundations.

The volume contains a number of irritating misprints, which we hope will be removed in a second edition.

*Un Romantique sous Louis-Philippe.* Par ADOLPHE BOSCHOT. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit.)

M. ADOLPHE BOSCHOT is a "Mozartian" and a realist, and this is the explanation of much that will strike the reader as somewhat odd in his method of dealing biographically with Hector Berlioz, who was the least Mozartian of composers, and a romantic of the romantics. There are moments when one is disposed to accuse M. Boschot of positive unfairness, so anxious is he to accentuate all that was weak and ineffectual in the character of Berlioz the man. Is one reading a hitherto unpublished volume of the Rougon Macquart series, and is M. Adolphe Boschot a reincarnation of the late M. Emile Zola? By no means:

If one will take the pains to reflect [he wrote in the Preface to the first volume of his Life—"La Jeunesse d'Un Romantique"], doubtless it will be admitted that the so-called "psychological" novel and the novel which used to be called "experimental" must tend to become solely autobiographical, or better still, biography.

Writers of these schools would, he says, if they really possessed the sense and the cult of reality, limit themselves during the whole course of their lives to the writing of a few copious biographies. And he adds that the historian must in the long run be led to do likewise. So he sets himself to write up, with a Balzacian eye to detail, what he calls *le cas Berlioz*. For the most active years of the composer's life, M. Boschot boasts of having had at his disposition an average of one document for each week, and this he declares to be a good "condition" in which to have a shot at experimental psychology. He describes the geographical peculiarities of the country, the Dauphiné, in which Berlioz was born, and supplies minute and, it must be said, totally uninteresting details of Berlioz's ancestors. All this trouble is surely thrown away, since in an Appendix M. Boschot points out that of the



artist-musician temperament not a trace, not the slightest appearance of a germ is to be discovered among these ancestors. It is the same for nearly all artists. Leopold Mozart, the father of the great Mozart, was a musician if you like, but he practised music as a grocer keeps a shop. What, then, becomes, asks M. Boschot, of that famous theory of heredity dear to M. Taine? Evidently nothing. But, then, what becomes of M. Boschot's own method? All the elaborate description of the "origins" of the great composer is so much waste-paper, and, so far from enlightening the reader, is exactly calculated to mislead him. Without knowing it, without perceiving the dilemma upon which he has landed himself, the pedantic application of this method not only to Berlioz's family antecedents, but to all the varied details of his daily life, vastly detracts from the value of M. Boschot's laborious volumes. Added to this a lack of sympathy, due apparently to his Mozartian preferences, gives to his painstaking analysis of Berlioz's conduct at all periods of a combative and, in many respects, adventurous life a flavour of acridity, a nagging censoriousness which is intensely irritating, and not a little contemptible. It is regrettable to have to say this, for M. Boschot has many excellent qualities as a biographer, and, in spite of the pin-pricking atmosphere in which his work is enveloped, it gives a more complete picture of Hector Berlioz than any other account of him that has appeared so far. As for the man, M. Boschot describes him as a typical Meridional, the eternal Tartarin of the South of France. He lays stress upon his shock of red hair (which he calls "turgescence"), upon his "fashionable" clothes (his style when he writes *feuilletons* for the French musical papers is also "fashionable"), upon his extravagant gestures and noisy sentimentality. Much of this might be said of most men of genius, who have usually managed to make themselves more or less ridiculous in the ordinary shifts of life. Berlioz had a mistress who was Irish, and obese, and without any talent, and she made Berlioz's life a misery to him with her outbursts of quite justifiable jealousy. This also is nothing new in the artist-world, nor was it in any way peculiar to Berlioz. The fact that Berlioz reflected in his manners and appearance the romantic ideals which he had adopted in common with other of his illustrious contemporaries—chief among them being Theophile Gautier—might have been related in many fewer lines than M. Boschot thinks necessary to give to it. The portrait that he draws, though harshly and unemotionally limned, is none the less extremely interesting, because as a musician Berlioz is so interesting; but if the object of it had been a mere mountebank, a fraud, or a "rate" of the type of Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré, the lights and shadows employed need not have been different. This is why, in our opinion, it fails as a satisfactory portrait of the great man of genius who composed "Les Troyens," and can only be classed as an unsuccessful daguerrotype, deteriorated by time. Berlioz's life was particularly hard and sad, and the energy with which he bore up against misfortune, neglect, and the constant hostility of the Parisian public is worthy of the utmost praise. To sneer at him in the midst of his difficulties is mean and unworthy. Yet this is what his biographer comes very close to doing. It is possible that M. Boschot does not feel himself competent to analyse with perfect sympathy the romantic sources from which much of Berlioz's musical inspiration was derived, for he is confessedly a Mozartian of an apparently narrow type, and, though a Frenchman, the dramatic intensity of everything that Berlioz did or expressed is evidently objectionable to him. An appreciation of Berlioz by one who is heartily in sympathy with him, though it might not escape criticism, would, we feel sure, be more informing and suggestive than M. Boschot's cold and too often embittered chronology. An estimate of Berlioz's genius as a composer is what M. Adolphe Boschot promises us in the third and concluding volume of the *Life*—"Le Crépuscule d'un Romantique." Perhaps he will belie our anticipations by placing Berlioz upon the extremely high pedestal which he most certainly deserves to occupy. We hope so for his own and his readers' sake. Deficiencies

apart, M. Boschot's work is a very complete record of Berlioz's career and is indispensable to every music-lover's library.

## FICTION

*The Blue Ocean's Daughter.* By CYRUS T. BRADY. (Greening and Co., 6s.)

HER name was Susan Hubbell, and she was indeed the blue ocean's daughter. She was born on the American trading-ship *Hiram and Susan*. Hiram was her father, Susan her mother, who died in giving her birth.

We are introduced to the heroine on board the same ship, wearing a sailor boy's suit, though her age was twenty. It is in the latter days of the War of American Independence, and the *Hiram and Susan* is pursued by H.M.S. *Rockingham*. A boarding-party is beaten off. A broadside, fired simultaneously with the murder of the captain by the villain of a very motley crew, brings down the trader's flag.

A prize crew come on board under a sarcastic but gallant young lieutenant, who of course falls in love with Susan, and Susan with him, but only after fearful slights are exchanged. And love is followed by lengthy quarrels, told at all too great length. Conant, the mate, being herculean and young and brave, has also been in love with Susan from all time, and though she loves him not, at Conant's behest she locks up her Lieutenant, and the traders have the ship again. But the motley crew are out of hand, and once more the prize crew take the *Hiram and Susan*. But they take her in a blinding storm.

These Titanic combats had nearly reduced both crews to the state of the Kilkenny cats. The ocean did the rest. They are driven on the Dorset coast, which is strewn with the dead men of either crew. But Susan wins to shore, towing with her through the surf her stricken naval lover, strange to say, close to his home. He turns out to be a noble Earl. A wedding quickly follows, and Susan makes her sailor a prisoner a second time, this time a willing one, and for life. Alas! she has to confess that she comes not empty-handed, and handsomely endows a much impoverished peerage, thus setting a bad example to many of her sisters yet unborn.

It is an honest tale of the sea, but a little tiring. Thrilling events are told of with full appreciation. Every thrust and stab goes home. Every broadside deafens. Every flash of lightning blinds, and Mr. Brady draws his characters in no neutral tints. Susan, who has worn sailor's clothes half her life, is as womanly and beautiful as she is skilled at arms. Masterful and strong, Hiram Hubbell, and Conant, the mate, are fine types of the old seaman who was half buccaneer. François, the boatswain, is a real villain. The successful lover fails to interest us much. The emotions and reasonings of his characters Mr. Brady gives us at weary length; his words are too many and too long, his sentences too long and too involved.

Doubtless "The Blue Ocean's Daughter" will interest many readers, and, pruned, would make a capital book for boys. We do not quite recommend it to the readers of THE ACADEMY.

*The Suspicions of Ermengarde.* By MAXWELL GRAY. (John Long, 6s.)

ERMENGARDE, who is just recovering from an attack of influenza, and who is in the pessimistic frame of mind which usually follows on the heels of that fell disease, suspects that her husband has not only ceased to love her, but has formed an attachment for his secretary. She accordingly takes herself off to the Riviera in a huff. She is still weak from her illness, besides being, apparently, the most incapable traveller that ever boarded a train, and she would never have reached her destination at all had not a mysterious lady taken pity upon her and helped her on her journey. A suspicious-looking person, with a black beard and a slouch hat, hovers in the background, and of

course turns out eventually to be Ermengarde's husband. The mysterious lady is his secretary. All this is revealed to Ermengarde herself later, after she has had as many misadventures as a pretty and peculiarly silly little lady travelling alone would have. The story ends with her discovery that her suspicions are quite unfounded, that her husband still adores her, and that the secretary has a very engrossing love affair of her own to attend to. Here is ample material for an entertaining novel, and it has been made good use of. The story is written in a light vein, and with considerable humour.

*Mantrap Manor.* By the Author of "When it was Light." (John Long, 6s.)

THIS is a sensational story, moderately exciting, and fairly well told. The characters are those generally to be found in a tale of this description, and behave as desperate villains and their noble victims (in fiction) usually do behave in the circumstances. The hero is saved at the eleventh hour in the correct manner, and marries the blushing heroine with much pomp and circumstance; one scoundrel is shot through the heart, the other spends his remaining days in a lunatic asylum. Julius Wilshire, an American millionaire, prompted by his desire for vengeance, takes Mantrap Manor, fills it with the most diabolical and ingenious machinery, and then imprisons the only son of his enemy in the building, confident that his death will be but a matter of days. The intrepid youth, however, in spite of pianos containing pistols which fire themselves at the musician when he strikes a certain note, mahogany wardrobes which dash out from the wall "with the speed of an express train and the force of a battering-ram," doors with daggers hidden in their handles, and other remarkable contrivances, escapes from the manor alive, though with his hair "as white as snow."

*The Prince's Marriage.* By W. H. WILLIAMSON. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

YET another "Ruritania"! An imaginary kingdom, with a sovereign closely enough connected with some of the crowned heads of Europe to give a realistic touch to the romance; a beautiful young Queen who has been an actress in her day; some fighting, many intrigues, conspirators with curious names suggestive of Polish origin, coronations and abdications—in fact, all the paraphernalia of a "Zenda novel" is here. The author has been unfortunate in the naming of his characters. Slendereff, Katkin, and Gruel are not convincing titles even for Slav conspirators, while Groveener, though remotely suggestive of Grosvenor, is hardly a satisfactory name for an English Guardsman. The King is all that is noble and brave; the Queen is lovely and heroic; the conspirators as unscrupulous as they should be, the mob as fickle and enthusiastic; but in spite of this the story drags somewhat heavily, and leaves the reader unmoved.

*Good-bye to Marker.* By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. (Moorlands Press.)

THESE are fifteen stories of peasant life. The plot in each case is practically non-existent, and in more than one instance the stories fail through sheer lack of interest. The sympathetic, straightforward way in which they are told, however, makes many of them very readable, and if Mr. Gilchrist has not achieved any remarkable character-studies he has at least provided a very pleasant set of stories with which to while away a rainy afternoon. He is at his best in the tale which gives the book its title, in the quaintly humorous sketch "A Slight Mistake," and in the very short but charming "Good Housekeeper."

*The Heart of the Peasant.* By the HON. GEORGINA O'BRIEN. (Sisley's.)

THIS is a very charming collection of sketches dealing with peasant life in various countries. The hard struggle for existence of those tillers of the soil, their simple faith and their great patience, is described with unusual truth and sympathy. There is little romance and no exaggeration to

be found in the stories, there is hardly one of them but might, as far as bare facts are concerned, be taken from any local paper or from the report of some charitable society. They are very simply told, having wisely been left to make their own effect, without any effort on the part of the writer to "knock them into shape" and round them off into conventional short stories. The direct, almost naïve, style is in keeping with the matter, and we have seldom met with more convincing pictures than these little character-sketches.

## DRAMA

### CAINE AND JEROME

MR. HALL CAINE has a motor-car. And the other day the motor-car took it into its head to run away "down the carriage-drive," with the result that while Mr. Caine himself was providentially unhurt Mr. Caine's nerves were more or less shaken to bits. The news of this catastrophe has been bruited over at least two hemispheres by favour of the *Daily Mail*, and we feel sure that the world at large will sympathise with Mr. Caine, as we do most sincerely, in the matter of this small accident. It has been charged against Mr. Hall Caine that he is a very conceited author. Possibly the charge is at once harsh and unconscionable, and the novelist who, next to Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Nat Gould, has the largest circulation in the world may in his natural heart be the most modest of men. His acts do not prove this, but it is common knowledge that one must not nowadays judge a fellow-creature by his acts. Modest or otherwise, we are going to make Mr. Caine the proudest and, it may be, the happiest man in England. And we shall do this by the simple process of observing that in our opinion *Pele*, an "autumn production" by Hall Caine and Louis N. Parker, which was presented last Saturday and is now running at the Lyceum Theatre, is a worthy and admirable piece of melodrama. We are informed that the Lyceum Theatre will hold a matter of from four to five thousand persons. When we went there on Monday night the place was packed—gallery, pit, stalls, boxes, and all. We will not say that the audience included large numbers of brilliant or over-cultivated people; but it was an audience that knows about soap and water and that understands how to dress itself decently and to advantage without rushing into abnormal expenditure. In plain terms, it was a good, sound, representative lower middle-class audience, with a proper sprinkling of the intelligent working-classes. We have always loved the Lyceum audience since it took so unquestioningly to Messrs. Smith and Carpenter's late spectacular production of *Romeo and Juliet*. The Lyceum shilling pit and the Lyceum eighteenpenny stalls found delight in Shakespeare, and wept over the pitiful history of his lovers gracious and proper tears. It is to be said for Shakespeare that in *Romeo and Juliet* he does not offer to the modern man or the modern woman a highly moral or didactic entertainment. *Romeo and Juliet* is neither a sermon nor a fearful warning; neither is it an exercise in sentimentalism or in cynicism or in problem-solving. It is simply high poetry and passionate youth spread out for you in a beautiful way. The Lyceum audience, which is really the black-hearted public in the common meaning and acceptance of the term, did not fight shy of Shakespeare even though Messrs. Smith and Carpenter had done their level best to bring him up to musical tragedy pitch. The poetry of the thing took them, so to say, as daffodils take the wind of March with beauty; they sat there spellbound and keen, and they went away excellently disturbed in their emotions. Now from Shakespeare to Mr. Hall Caine is, poetically considered, an unthinkable jump. Yet we shall not hesitate to put it on record that *Pele* grips and stirs up all that is best and most desirable in our common human nature as one finds it at the Lyceum Theatre, just as surely as *Romeo and*



Juliet did. From your high and dry and scientific mechanical critic's point of view *Pete* may be an ill-constructed play. There are portions of the machinery of it which jar a little and which creak a little. A really deft dramatic writer could improve it in detail, but the main things are there—the human passion and greatness are there and the big shining sound mysteries. From first to last the play caught hold of those four thousand common human souls. The women for their part began to shed tears early in the proceedings, and at a certain juncture the whole audience was moved to such a tune that a certain section of it literally lifted up its voice and wept aloud. And we consider that it was most creditable to that audience so to do; and we consider further that any man who can so move the people with a morality and an unfolding of what is possible in life is entitled to hold himself the possessor of great and good gifts. It is not as if in this play Mr. Hall Caine and his collaborator had desperately set themselves to work to concoct a weepy, sentimental, set-'em-blaring-at-all-costs kind of melodrama of the sort which we are accustomed to associate with the tender partnership of Messrs. Sims and Pettit. For in the two main characters at any rate they have offered us two perfectly reasonable, unstilted, unexaggerated, unadorned human beings. The hero, "Pete" himself, does not make you feel that he is a hero, which is the way with the heroes of melodrama, but that he is a proper man, and the heroine does not make you feel that she is a stage heroine, but that she is a proper woman. It is round these two true persons that the play moves, and it is because Mr. Caine and his collaborator have conceived these two persons in their true, legitimate human aspects that the work triumphs and makes you forgive its minor faults in spite of yourself. We wish particularly to express our approval of *Pete*, because in writing and producing it the authors have tacitly avowed their belief that the common public is neither a slobbering fool nor a gasper after blood, thunder, bombast, and tawdriness. It is an admission that the great world and the hapenny papers are loth to make, their idea being that the common public is a hog and that you must entertain it accordingly. In *Pete* you have no appreciable amount of sensation or balderdash. There is no tying up of the heroine to cruel posts because she will not become the "paramour" of the gentleman with the waxed moustache and fur coat. There is no consigning of the hero to Wormwood Scrubs, no interrupted marriage ceremony, no plunging into "yonder boiling sea," no fearsome jumping from dizzy heights, no dagger or poison work, no lynx-eyed detective, and no gurgling heavenward-pointing parson. Even the supposed implacable, public demand for the "real" has been ignored, the actual steam-roller and hansom cab and horse-race, and storm at sea, and even the harmless necessary fire-engine being conspicuous by their absence. Indeed, the only real property, if one may coin a term, about the play was a real live baby which, on the whole, and in the circumstances is much to be preferred to the stuffed article and quite innocent of offence. What you get is sound drama, a fine story as pitiful stories go, a proper and natural and moving march of events and an excusably happy ending. The Lyceum audience, four thousand strong every evening, can learn nothing but good out of this work. Its tastes will not be degraded by it nor its emotions prostituted. On the contrary, the whole performance makes for edification of the admissible kind. To our mind the only defect of the play is that certain short passages in it would appear to resolve themselves into a sort of suffragistic attack upon the marriage laws; and that we are asked to swallow a rather savage Christian as a proper exemplar of Christianity. But these are minor matters, and they do not really affect the forthright quality of the play as a whole. Mr. Caine and his collaborator, Mr. Louis N. Parker, are most certainly to be congratulated, and Mr. Caine particularly may plume himself upon the fact that herein he has fairly earned high praise.

On Tuesday evening we were present at the production by Mr. Forbes Robertson of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's

"idle fancy," *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* at the St. James's Theatre. Assembled in more or less all parts of the house were what we took to be the beauty, fashion, and intellect of London, who in return for their money received a sort of three-act moral lesson which has previously done duty in many an honest parish-circulated tract. Mr. Jerome, as is his wont, presents to us in their manner as they live the weird denizens of a shabby genteel Bloomsbury boarding-house, including the usual cheating landlady, the usual slut of a "slavey," the usual backbiting, sniffing, snarling female lodgers, the usual vulgar Jew, the usual hard-up bully of a Major, and the usual male asses. To these unholy persons enters a beatific let-me-speak-kind-words-to-you sort of stranger, who prefers to be known as the Passer By. This sweet gentleman makes no bones about reading a separate and distinct sermon on the beauty of goodness, truth, and self-sacrifice to every member of the household, not even excluding the aforesaid slavey. And in the third Act we are shown the amazing result. The thieving landlady becomes a melting hostess, whose only anxiety in life is to charge her lodgers too little; the backbiting women are transformed into angels of light and charity; the bullying Major is shown to us in the figure of an honest commercial traveller and true Christian gentleman rolled into one, the Jew accuses his landlady of forgetting to charge for Monday's chop, and everybody goes about shaking everybody else's hand in the most endearing way and inquiring about everybody else's lumbago; whereas at the close of the piece, after a touching interview with the reformed slavey, the Passer By goes wearily out into the night, and the limelight people leave us to imagine that he has been caught up in a fiery chariot. In view of what Mr. Jerome evidently desires to suggest in the figure of the Passer By, which is played with all the skill in the world by Mr. Forbes Robertson, it is a little difficult to criticise the work with freedom. We believe, however, that had it not been for the excellence of the caste and the remarkable primness and discretion of the acting the piece would have been received in far other than an appreciative manner. At certain points in the proceedings the audience was perilously near laughing in the wrong place. Mr. Forbes Robertson, however, has the part which might overtax the control of the ribald, and he got through his difficulties with a sureness and an adroitness which in their way were quite wonderful. We should say of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* that it almost entirely misses the audience for which Mr. Jerome has intended it. At times it is dull, at times it is silly, and at times it is quite stupidly weak and unsatisfying. Always it demands from the auditor a degree of gentle toleration which no playwright has a right to expect from a West-end audience. We do not desire to sneer at righteous things, but we think the amazing self-righteousness of the Passer By is frightfully overdone and that the effect of his ministrations is exaggerated to the point of ridiculousness. The fact is, that in this play Mr. Jerome is dabbling in matters which he does not understand. His sickly prosings about the "joy of giving" and the "wonderful power of love" might have been copied out of a Nonconformist birthday-book, while his remarks about art and the beauty and holiness of the Jewish race, though evidently intended as a sop to the critics, have really nothing to do with the play, and are as fatuous as they are superfluous. The only characters that Mr. Jerome appears capable of drawing with anything like a sure hand are the minor cad and the minor comic slavey. We do not believe that the discriminating theatre-goer can put up with Mr. Jerome for any length of time, and it seems to us, therefore, that *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* will quite shortly be a passing from the St. James's Theatre. It is only fair to say that the piece was received with insistent plaudits by Tuesday evening's audience, that Mr. Forbes Robertson and his company received quite an ovation, and that Mr. Jerome was called for but "could not be found." While the play is not anything like so powerful or meritorious as Mr. Hall Caine's play, we think that it would have done better at the Lyceum than at the St.

James's Theatre, provided that the Lyceum audience could be prevented from laughing at it.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### ANGLICANISM AND MEDIÆVALISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The contempt for the Middle Ages which may still be encountered in middle-class parlours and elderly and respectable ecclesiastical circles is a remnant of the Georgian and early Victorian ages. It belongs to the golden age of British Philistinism, and suggests its crude religionism and its thinly-veiled materialism; an age when the miraculous was accepted as belonging to "Bible times," but ruled out as a disturbing element for which no room could be found in the prim and well-conducted scheme of things prevailing in modern times; an age, again, when the Englishman was regarded as being peculiarly favoured by heaven. No foreigner could be expected to hold quite such enlightened views, or so wholly to escape superstition. The national idol, indeed, was a God Who was a monstrous Englishman, a British Dagon, favouring His own folk.

The Victorian age has followed the Georgian age into the limbo of the past. Even before the last years of Victoria, the great, the good, and the eminently respectable, the whole trend of ideas in this country was in the direction of a wider outlook and a saner and more catholic judgment. And a glance at the last decade seems to strengthen the impression of passing into a freer atmosphere, escaping the stuffiness of the Victorian parlour. With this change we may note a growing appreciation of the middle ages. The day may yet come when St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of the mediæval theologians, shall find students and pupils among Anglican Bishops, and the poetry and heroism of mediævalism inspire art and religion; when we shall leave off arguing about ecclesiastical vestments and postures, because we shall have got behind them; when we shall rediscover our ancient formularies and be delighted with the knowledge that we had not outgrown them, but that, on the contrary, our minds had grown too small for them. And it will be well for us when this happens. We have sat too long in the seat of the scornful, with disastrous effects to ourselves. To forsake it and learn a generous appreciation of other nations and ages will be a coming into the light.

But British Philistinism dies hard. It lingers most pertinaciously, as has been said, in the circles which are affected by ecclesiastical dignitaries. The atmosphere of the Athenæum—incongruously enough, considering the name—may be suspected to be impregnated with it. And Pananglicanism, with its substitution of the Anglican idea for Catholicism, is only too likely to foster it. Bishops, Archdeacons, and other superior persons such as constitute the *personnel* of Royal Commissions diffuse it wherever they move and express themselves. There is, it is true, much talk of a widening of borders and an extended outlook. The reunion of a distracted Christendom is proclaimed as an ideal, and hailed with enthusiasm. But the reunion is to be on a basis of shallow religionism, of which an emasculated Anglicanism is to be the highest factor. The line which separates the virtuous English Protestant from the perverted foreign Catholic is to be sharply drawn, and strictly guarded. The superstitions of Philistia may be tenderly handled, but we are to be nervously apprehensive of Romish errors. An Anglican paradise must be guarded by Bishops wielding staff and sword to prevent the intrusion of a decadent Latinism. We must not "go behind the Reformation;" we are too superior for "Mediævalism."

Let it be plainly said, for the hundredth time, that to apply the title of "Mediævalists" to those who cherish in the face of an intolerant modernism the doctrines and practices of historic Christianity is the merest cant. Official Anglicanism is as mediæval as what is called ritualism. The difference between the two is that while Anglicanism retains what is ugly in Mediævalism, the ritualistic movement, in spite of eccentricities, has steadily advanced towards a grasp of what was most beautiful and true in the past. Official Anglicanism retains the Archdeacon's gaiters and rejects the chasuble and dalmatic. It retains the ugly mediæval abuse of secular ecclesiastical courts resting on the sanction of force, while it refuses to exercise any effective spiritual discipline: a rusty sword usurps the place of the crozier and Sir Lewis Dibdin plays Sir Oracle, while the Bishops shrink from the use of excommunication. A mild and Anglican edition of the Teutonic "science" of Higher Criticism leads our doctors to descant on the value of the allegory in Genesis, while they frown upon the Stations of the Cross and the Legend of Veronica. The Harvest Festival may still be tolerated with its attendant vulgarities: it is a Feast of Philistia. But Corpus Christi is a Feast of Rome and anathema, and unction of the sick is too mediæval to be safely endorsed by authority. The pious Protes-

tant may canonise his cronies and award them the harp and the crown. But woe be to the incautious cleric who shall proclaim the Virgin Mother to be exalted and crowned Queen of Heaven. Our Lady suggests Romanism, and Anglicanism cannot safely say too much about her.

In truth the Anglicanism of to-day has not come out of Philistia. And until it does there can be little hope of a real religious advance. Bishops on the beach will avail us little. *Daily Mail* Bishops, with a simple answer to every great problem, will only increase the gulf between the Church and an unconverted world. Solemn discussions on the merits of a white eucharistic vestment as a peculiarly Anglican compromise between the primitive chasuble and the mediæval surplice will not mend matters. Those who guide the counsels of a great religious body must rescue from contempt the traditions which belong to them as well as to the despised Latin Christianity which has refused to scorn them. They must learn from the great masters of the Middle Ages and those who have been their pupils in other countries. We shall then have our chance of taking our part in a reunion which will be based on a comprehensive Catholicism and not on an expurgated Protestantism. They must absorb the truths which the Ritualists have grasped. But will they? It is not too much to say that the future of the Ecclesia Anglicana depends, for weal or woe, on the answer to this question.

ALBAN H. BAVERSTOCK.

LADY McLAREN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a paragraph in your editorial of August 22nd in which you presume not only to doubt my identity, but even to declare my husband to be non-existent. As this subject seems to interest you I encourage you to continue your researches, with the assurance that your efforts will ultimately be crowned by success.

As you desire to know in what set I move I gratify your curiosity in order to prove that I know something of the subjects about which I write. The circle in which I live is a political one, and it is in the gallery of the House of Commons that I have learnt to fully appreciate the tyranny, injustice, and contempt with which the representatives of the people have in the past treated their countrywomen.

I have seen that House refuse to acknowledge the natural rights of mothers to the guardianship of their own children. I have seen it deny the rights of women to work for their living without saying how otherwise they are to be fed. I have seen it declare that women shall bear all the burdens of the State, while its privileges are reserved for men. Indeed, it is only quite recently that the very mention of women in Parliament had ceased to cause contemptuous and indecent mirth.

Now Sir, I desire to occupy no man's seat. I can, if need be, carry my own garments. I am able to turn door-handles, and I care not one jot who goes out first. But I do desire for women equal education, equal marriage laws, equal labour laws, and equal political rights.

With regard to the men of my family, whom you with singular irrelevance accuse of ill-treating me, it may interest you to know that I have a husband, a son, and a son-in-law now in Parliament; and that my father, and my husband's father and two brothers, were members of that House. I am proud to tell you that all these men, without exception, have spared no efforts to secure equal rights for women, and that their true modern chivalry has earned the deep gratitude of women in this country.

You state as a fact that "women make public demonstration of their hatred of mankind—screaming through their hats." In this you have been evidently misinformed. Nothing is further from the fact. The screaming is done by inexperienced men in journals like yours who do not understand the movement. Meetings in favour of women's rights are attended not only by women, but also by men, who speak the kindest words, who offer the most generous help. Do you think women hate such men? Why these are our own true knights, who merit the highest prizes in life's tournament. What women hate is not mankind, but man's thoughtless injustice, his complacent satisfaction—when he offers women dress for gold and calls it chivalry.

You assure me, on your own authority, that "the women who are not properly treated are an exception and a very small exception." On the other hand, Herbert Spencer says that the saddest part of the history of humanity is "that the brutal treatment of women has been universal and constant; it is utterly beyond imagination." General Booth says, " Ofttimes she is treated with less consideration as to health and comfort than the horses that run in omnibuses, or beasts that are fattened for slaughter." Let your readers judge which authority to follow.

You are pleased to tell me "to take it from you, there is no sex conflict." True, there is no sex conflict between women and the



men who are helping them to obtain the rights of citizens. But when you say there is no sex conflict in the world you are evidently hiding your head in academic groves where the light of world news does not penetrate. This world-wide question of the subjection of women to man and man's laws is the question of the hour. Women of Japan have held meetings and have demanded moral rights from their Legislature. Wives in China have rebelled against their husbands. Mohamedan women have petitioned against the conditions of life enforced upon them as contrary to the writings of their Prophet. In Finland, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, and in four States of America women have gained full political rights; while in France, England, and Germany a strong party, composed of women and the men who are helping them, will never rest until full justice is won. Then only, "you may take it from me," will there be no sex conflict.

Meanwhile, wherever (as you say) "a kind heart beats beneath a waistcoat" we appeal to it for help. Let its possessor extend an aiding hand to woman as she toils along the stonier path of life, bearing the heavier burden. Let him say to her, "Come along, little sister, walk abreast with me. Let the past be forgiven, for now I will be just to you at last."

LAURA McLAREN.

43 Belgrave Square, S.W.

[Our comments on this letter will be found in another column.—Ed.]

### LLOYD-GEORGE IN GERMANY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the excellent article in the current issue, may I remind you that the brother of the "*Vestminster's*" editor was not Mr. Lloyd-George's only companion on his visit to Germany, as Mr. C. Solomon Henry, M.P., one of the "Gumbany" of "Gobdenite" "Britishers" that now owns the *Vestminster*, was also with him? When the trio returned to this country it was Solomon in all his glory, not his little Welsh bosom "frendt," whom a Harmsworth reporter hastened to interview.

"Although I know Germany very well," began Solomon, "I was particularly struck with the warmth of our reception wherever we went." It is satisfactory to know from the "Gobdenite's" own lips that the "Yarmans" are not the ungrateful breed that the conduct of some of them in this country might lead one to suppose they are. I wonder, by the way, whether in the course of his visit the "Britisher" went into any high-class social clubs.

"The impression left upon me by the tour," remarked the "Britisher," "is that we cannot teach the Germans anything in hospitality." In this Solomon appears to be overdoing it, as the "Yarmans'" hospitality to their "Gobdenite" "friendts" must have been great indeed if it equalled that which we, not in return for favours, extend to the "Yarmans" who patronise the prisons, lunatic asylums, and charitable institutions of this country.

"The great mass of the people have no bitter feelings towards us," continued Solomon. If that is the case, it is evident that the large portion of the German Press controlled by the tribesmen of Messrs. Henry, Mond, and Brunner has not succeeded in stirring up as much German hatred against this country as is commonly supposed. But perhaps by us Solomon meant the "schentlements" who control our "Gobdenite" and "Potsdam" Press, finance the "Gobdenite" and "Potsdam Barty," and as occupants of fat British Consularships in German cities supply, in the form of Consular reports, our "Gobdenite" and "Potsdam" Government with "Gobdenite" literature.

In conclusion, Solomon assured the reporter that "the German people, in my view, quite recognise that the British Navy must maintain its supremacy." The "Britisher" might have added that since the rumour of that hundred million loan thrilled the hearts of the "Britisher" element in our population, the *Vestminster*, too, has "recognised" it.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

PS.—Considering that he was accompanied by one of the owners and a brother of the editor of the *Vestminster*, it seems rather tactless of Mr. George to have gone out of his way to compliment the rival Radical organ owned by Lord Swaythling and "Gumbany." By the way, you must not assume that "Old Joe's treble" is the only matter of importance that appears in the "paper with a conscience," as among cabmen, bus-drivers, and office-boys Captain Coe's contributions are held in even higher esteem.—J. B.

### NEBULÆ OF CONSCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Apropos of your comments on Mr. Lloyd-George and the *Evening Twinkler*, the following definitions may clear the controversy.

A nebula is a cloudy something not yet focussed into a star.

A star is a thing that shines only in the dark.

There are such things as "dark" stars, which do not shine at all.

Persons who are themselves in the dark, as at the bottom of a mine-shaft, may see stars, known to astronomers as the "Extra Special," "Special," or the "Final, Final Star," at mid-day, or a little later! Improvements in instruments may yet reveal the conscience of a star seen in Mr. Lloyd-George's prophetic vision; to the naked eye it is nebulous—at present.

E. W. C.

### MALARIA IN ANCIENT GREECE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reviewing my little book on Malaria in Ancient Greece you say that the evidence does not amount to much. It is more than a year since I wrote, and in the interval fresh testimony has been brought to light.

In estimating the effects of malaria upon Greek history it is important to distinguish carefully that which can be proved from that which is probable or possible.

From 400 B.C. onwards malaria was epidemic throughout a large part of the Greek world. Therefore, whatever be the time when it was first introduced, it must have been producing its inevitable consequences at least during the fourth century and after. These consequences include the desolation of whole districts, caused by the death or flight of the most energetic inhabitants; the harm inflicted upon children, the chief victims of malaria; the economic loss resulting from the decay of agriculture and the incapacitation of labourers and others; the development of habits of inactivity or laziness, due to the fear of a relapse, which generally follows over-exertion or strain. Hippocrates, in the treatise "*Airs, Waters, Places*," tells us that the inhabitants of malarious districts are wretched physically and mentally; in the Aristotelian book "*Problems*" we are told that they age rapidly; while Plutarch, in the treatise "*On Health*," describes how the Greeks of his day found it necessary to avoid fatigue lest an attack of fever should follow. It is also remarkable that, according to Strabo, there was no malaria in Alexandria, the city to which the Greeks crowded in the third century. The above conclusions may be regarded as certain.

There are only two references (and these are doubtful) to malaria before 500 B.C. Fever was evidently common when Aristophanes wrote the "*Wasps*," and there are signs—e.g., in the introduction of the worship of Asclepius into Athens—that ill-health was increasing in Attica during the last quarter of the fifth century. This probable increase of malaria coincides in time with certain changes in the Greek character, which ultimately proved the ruin of the race. As the disease undoubtedly has the power to disintegrate the moral fibre of a people among whom it is endemic, it is probable that the decline of the Greeks is to be attributed, at least in part, to this cause. As Hippocrates, in "*Airs, Waters, Places*," says that the inhabitants of malarious districts are dark-haired, it is very likely that malaria tended to eliminate the fair Northern element to which the Greeks owed much of their vigour. The history of medicine subsequent to 400 B.C. indicates a growing popularity of the dream-oracle, charms, and other superstitious practices. This has never yet been adequately explained, but an increase of malaria and its sequelae, which cannot be successfully treated without quinine, would account for the decline of rational methods of cure and for the growth of superstition. The increased respect for women, so manifest in the New Comedy, may possibly be due to the part they played in nursing the sick. This generally fell upon the wife, and endemic malaria would vastly increase her duties and importance. Menander (*fr.* 325 Kock) tells us how valuable as nurses were the Greek wives of his day.

W. H. S. JONES.

10 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge, September, 1908.

### HUMANITARIANS AND THE LASH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a letter you publish by "An Indian Chaplain" I find, in effect, the following statements as to the alleged efficiency of flogging:

(1) It stopped shooting at Queen Victoria; (2) it stopped the wanton destruction of works of art.

With regard to assertion No. 1, it is mere nonsense to say that the lash stopped shooting at Queen Victoria. The late Queen was assaulted after assaulting her had been made a floggable offence, but her assailant was not flogged. Not a single flogging was inflicted for this offence, such attacks being regarded as the outcome of disordered brains, and the Act came to an end with the death of the Queen. It is significant that this statute, which is supposed to have done so much good, has not been renewed.

As to assertion No. 2, flogging was never enforced for

damaging works of art in the national museums, and the Act authorising its infliction was repealed after remaining inoperative for some years.

"An Indian Chaplain" retails a story he heard in India as to the value of the lash in the Army. As showing how little faith the authorities at Whitehall have in flogging, let me state that all forms of physical chastisement have been abolished, root and branch, throughout our military systems at home and abroad, and that by a recent order the Admiralty have practically abolished the birching of young naval seamen. To the opinion of this anonymous "Indian Chaplain" I can oppose that of a great military authority, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who also writes from experience. In his "Forty-one Years in India" (Vol. I., p. 25) he narrates a "painful experience" in relation to flogging, which he describes as a barbarous and degrading practice, the sight of which "is a horrible one to witness, productive of more harm than good." But the account is too long to quote, so I advise your readers to look up the original. It is a fitting antidote to much that has been said and written by the advocates of the lash.

The Chaplain says of flogging: "It will stop robbery with violence." Perhaps so; but when? We have tried it for forty-five years, and it has not stopped it yet. In the words of Mr. H. B. Simpson, who wrote the Preface to the Home Office statistics for the year 1897:

Offences against property, with violence, fluctuate greatly, and if they show a tendency it is towards an increase.

Turning to the letter signed "R. S.," which affords a further example of how certain persons will write on subjects of which they know nothing, let me point out that this correspondent's assertion that "no garrotter who has once been flogged will care to risk such a punishment again" is just about as accurate as his description of Lord Brampton as "that famous old 'hanging' Judge, the late Chief Justice Hawkins." This experienced administrator of the criminal law was never "Chief Justice" (whatever that may be), and he was a "hanging Judge" only in the sense that all the Judges are "hanging Judges," the death sentence being fixed by law.

"R. S." is a victim of the common delusion of the flagellomaniac. Let him study the criminal records and he will see for himself that wherever flogging has been largely resorted to for offences under the Garrotting Act, as at London, Liverpool, and Leeds, that class of crime has increased. Moreover, at all these towns the flogged men came up again and again, and some of them were sentenced to be flogged a second time. Only at the beginning of last month an ex-prisoner stated in print (and put his name to the statement) that during his various terms of imprisonment he had been flogged three times. "Ned" Wright, the notorious Hoxton burglar, who recently died in Cornwall, had the "cat" on six occasions. In my pamphlet *Facts about Flogging*, published in 1905, I quote sixteen instances of this description, all of which I gathered from the police reports in the Press in the short space of five years. I have since collected other ten cases of a similar nature. Here is the testimony of the late Sir Matthew White (Viscount) Ridley, Home Secretary, 1895-1900:

The many inquiries made on the subject and investigations into the figures have proved that there are several cases of men who, having been flogged under the Act of 1863, have afterwards committed the same offence.

What we hear of the efficiency of the lash in our penal system is of the most shadowy description, and always melts away when brought to the test of history and statistics.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, W.C.,  
September, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“An Indian Chaplain” was probably in India in 1900, otherwise he would know that the proposal to flog for assaults upon women and children was discussed in the House of Commons on March 28th of that year, and that it was defeated by a majority of upwards of 170, Sir M. W. Ridley and other members of the Government of that day speaking against it. If “An Indian Chaplain” will trouble himself to consult “Who’s Who” he will find that Mr. Collinson took a leading part in bringing about this desirable result—all honour to him, and may he succeed in his strenuous efforts to repeal the Garrotting Act, which was passed in a panic, owing to a member of the House having been garrotted on the Duke of York’s Steps.

The world over, flogging for violent and brutal crimes has been found to be an unnecessary and useless punishment. In the case of assaults upon women and children it is an unpracticable and dangerous remedy.

WALTER HUDSON.

## WHO WROTE IT?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the notice concerning my book *Lyrics and Legends* which appeared in THE ACADEMY of August 22nd, will you be good enough to allow me to point out that the line to which your critic takes exception—viz., “If I can tell us—well!”—was not written by me? It has been inserted, unfortunately, but, like many similar errors in the works of authors, I am not responsible for it. The line should read: “If it tell us—well!”

Perhaps you will be kind enough to refer to this in your columns out of justice to myself.

Of course your critic is not to blame in any way; but, as I am a constant reader of your paper and admire the lines on which it is conducted, I am not a little disappointed at the review of my book, especially when I have had good notices in some of the other papers.

DUDLEY BERESFORD.

## IRISH LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of Miss Hull’s “Text-book of Irish Literature,” it might, I think, have been mentioned that practically the same theory as Miss Hull’s as to the origin of the Fenian epic has been propounded by Mr. John MacNeill in his edition of the “Duanaire Finn” (Irish Texts Society, 1908), published about the same time as the “Text-book.” Mr. MacNeill is one of the greatest living authorities on Ossianic literature, and was, so far as I know, the first man to make a really scientific examination of the historical evidences to be found in the Irish records (see the *New Ireland Review*, 1905-6). Whether we accept all his conclusions or not, his studies are at any rate valuable and inspiring to the student of Irish history and literature. Miss Hull adduces almost entirely the same evidences as Mr. MacNeill, but she commits an unusual solecism in referring to “the tales, poems, and allusions found in the earlier remaining books, the *Psaltair of Cashel*, the Book of the Dun,” etc. (italics mine). I presume she alludes to the Bodeian MS. (quoted by herself and Mr. MacNeill), which professes to be an excerpt from the original “*Psaltair of Cashel*,” not a complete copy. The “*Psaltair of Cashel*” is not, so far as we know at present, a “remaining” book, but a “lost” book.

The most interesting part of Miss Hull’s much-needed “Text-book” is the chapter on the characteristics of the Fenian cycle, wherein she points out the essential and vast differences between its *motif*, superstitions, etc., and those of the great Northern saga. An important edition, which Miss Hull does not refer to in her Bibliography, is the late Dr. John Strachan’s “*Stories from the Tain*,” published in the *Gaelic Journal*, 1903, and lately reissued in book form by the *School of Irish Learning* (in the founding and conducting of which the dead scholar took such a kindly and practical interest).

E. K.

Dublin, September 1, 1908.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### POETRY

*Ballads of the Blue.* A Collection of Naval Verses from “The Fleet.” By “Pelican.” Gerrards, 1s. net.

### JUVENILE

*The Tale of Femima Puddle-Duck.* By Beatrix Potter.

### FICTION

Locke, James. *The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia.* Unwin, 6s.  
Norman, Mrs. George. *Sylvia in Society.* Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.  
Forestier-Walker, Clarence. *The Tragedy of 44.* Digby Long, 6s.  
Snowden, Keighley. *The Life Class.* Werner Laurie, 6s.  
Hardy, Iza Duffus. *The Mystery of a Moonlight Trip.* Digby Long, 6s.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Swift, Jonathan. *The Battle of the Books.* Edited by A. Guthkelch. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Holland, Clive. *From the Foreland to Penzance.* Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d. net.  
Wright, C. H. H. *Light from Egyptian Papyri.* Williams and Norgate, 3s. net.  
Gould, G. M. *Concerning Lafcadio Hearn.* Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.  
Armistead, Wilson H. *Trout Waters. Management and Angling.* Black, 3s. 6d. net.  
Chesson, W. H. *George Cruikshank.* Duckworth, 2s. net.



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